

# BitterSweet

75¢

October, 1978 *The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region* Vol. 1, No. 12



**Exploring The Greenwood Ice Caves  
with Stanley Foss Bartlett**

**Fox Hunting Days with Old Speedy by Ben Tucker III**  
**Seward Stearns' Life On Paris Hill**



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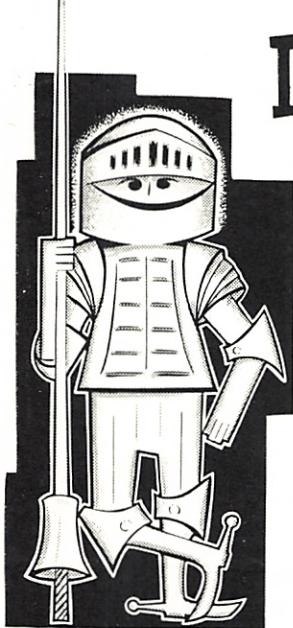
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Dear Bert —

We haven't heard from you since you were in last month and bought the self adhesive vinyl foam weatherstrips, MORTITE weatherstrip and caulking cord, pipe electric heating tapes, pipe insulation, roof de-icer kits, weather all storm windows, METALBESTOS stainless steel chimney kit and the wood stove.

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Peter?



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# BitterSweet

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**COVER:** Paris Hill Pumpkin Man  
by Mary Louise Simpson

# BitterSweet Views

The following message from friend Inez Farrington at the Ledgeview Nursing Home in West Paris is passed along to set the tone for this month's issue. Enjoy!

## MAINE GOSSIP

The mountains told the meadows,  
The trees all shook their head.  
Then stood silently for a minute  
To hear what the breezes said.

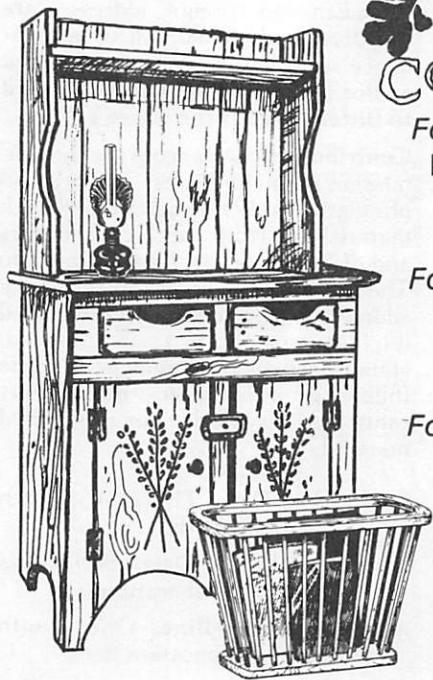
The sun smiled in satisfaction  
For it knew it long ago.  
It had his information  
From the moon who told it so

The brooks all told the river,  
The river whispered to the sea.  
Then a tiny raindrop shyly  
Told the gossip straight to me.

When Autumn heard the rumors  
A little bolder than the rest,  
She said, "The World should know this story  
And I can tell it best."

So she made the facts all public  
And shouted loud from hill to plain  
That the nearest place to Heaven  
Is October here in Maine.

*Sandy Wilhelm*



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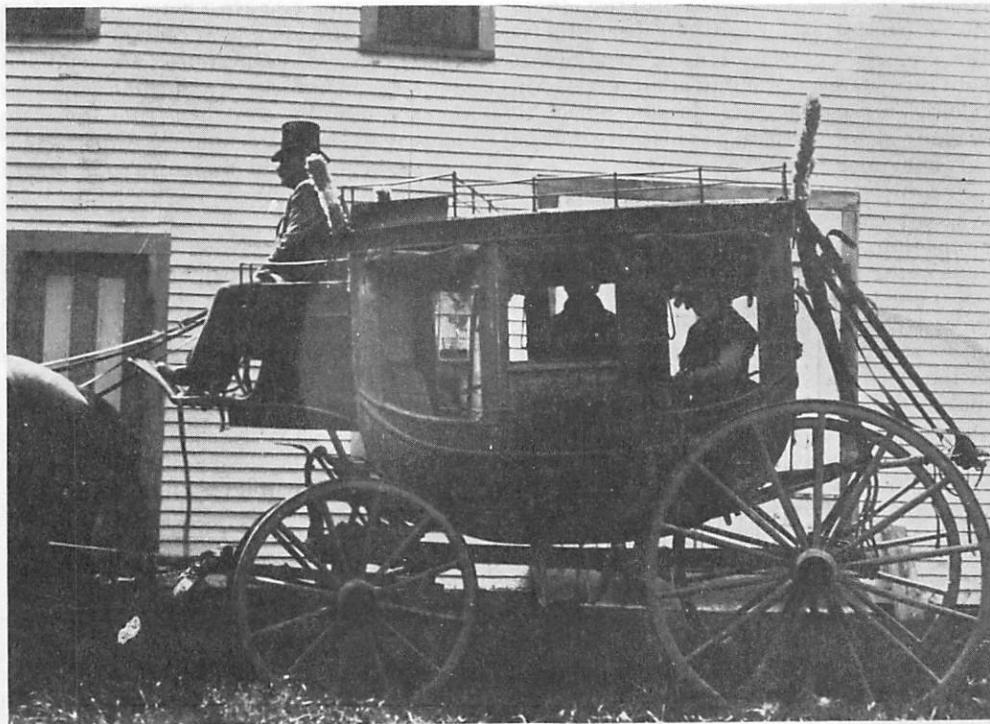
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# Can You Place It?



# Heading Out

## Exploring The Greenwood Ice Caves with Stanley Foss Bartlett

"If you are interested in oddities of nature  
be recommended for a day's outing," wrote

The so-called Greenwood ice caves are on the top of Uncle Tom mountain overlooking hundreds of wooded acres in the Oxford county town of Greenwood. True, these caves are not as fantastically beautiful as those more famous caverns in some of our southern states, but if you are interested in oddities of nature and do not object to walking about three miles, this place may be recommended for a day's outing.

A couple of decades ago, when beach-wagon picnics were as popular as 300-mile spins along avenues of hot dog stands are today, the ice caves were frequented by vacationists. But the "back-road" which passed within a mile of the spot has long been discontinued and the three-mile distance from the main highway to the caves makes them practically inaccessible to the average tourist, who might walk a mile for a well-known brand of cigarettes but who would not hike three miles to see the Rock of Gibraltar turn handsprings—to say nothing of treading that distance to view a mere Maine wonder.

We may as well start at the beginning—to reach the caves one follows the so-called Greenwood road which runs between Norway village and Locke's Mills. At a point about four miles from Locke's Mills where the Ames brook crosses this highway, a

grass-grown, bough-arched wood-road leads quickly into the forest.

Altho this latter road is "navigable" by auto, providing you are a better driver than we are and providing your car is sturdier and "higher posted" than ours, we wouldn't advise the map-makers to include it in their Maine tours. The distance from the main highway to the old abandoned Ames farm is about two miles; and it appears to be one of those rare cases when it is easier to walk than to ride.

It is difficult to say whether the Ames brook or the road, which crosses it at least three times, is the more crooked, but both are filled with stones. However, the stones are more becoming to the stream, that is a series of beauty spots as it tumbles down the heavily wooded mountainside.

As suddenly as we plunged into the shadows of the dark wood we emerge from it and stand in the yellow, unmown grass of a broad field that is gradually being reclaimed by the forest. A few hundred feet ahead, nestled in tall weeds and bushes, squats an old, unpainted set of buildings. We have a weakness for deserted Maine pioneer homes—and this one is typical.

It was built on the plan on which most Maine farm homes of a century ago were constructed; low square house attached to a

**and do not object to walking about three miles, this place may  
this noted Oxford County humorist nearly 50 years ago.**

big barn by a long, high-raftered shed. Despite their age and long period of desertion, the sturdy hewn frames of the buildings retain their shape, tho' shingle clapboards, windows, etc., are somewhat the worse for wear. The elements, eagerly aided by hedgehogs and "tinhorn" sports who delight in wanton destruction, have left their scars on the old place.

They are swiftly going back to the dust, these homely old farm homes; we hope someone will preserve one as is—or "as was."

Altho some playful Don Quixote had kicked the door from its ancient hinges and generally raised havoc about the house, the interior still contained an air of old-fashioned comfort and pride of home-making. The spacious kitchen, one-time center of the home, was large enough to serve as a dining room also, and was closeted and nooked most invitingly. The "front room" or parlor boasted a fire-place and inside shutters at the windows. And such boards as were used in the walls and floors! White pine, at least two and one-half feet wide, and hardly a knot to be seen.

Well, we came up here to visit the ice caves, not to marvel at the simple homeliness of another generation—so let's be off, across the little alder-hidden brook that runs by the granite stoop. We pass beneath gnarled old

apple trees, heavy with fruit, and by a natural bush arbor where an old grape-vine has spread over several hundred square feet. We follow an ancient "county road" which has long since forgotten the feel of traffic, but which remains in a condition that does credit to its builders. For some miles this highway, which traversed the wild lands from Greenwood City to Bethel, over hill and down dale, is stoned-up on one side and retains much the same appearance it must have had 100 years ago.

Soon we swing to the right from the road to a trail that leads us up the gradual slope to the mountain-top, and without any warning right into, or rather onto the ice caves themselves.

Thru the lush moosewood leaves we emerge onto a gently sloping granite ledge and are arrested by a blue semi-circle of mountainous horizon that curves from the White Mountain range to the Norway hills. Deep down the valley below that is lined with green tree-tops of varying hue, sparkles little Overset Pond and above it rises the weathered and rugged face of Overset Ledge.

Now we must watch our step lest we drop 15 or 20 feet into one of the big crevices that run thru the ledge and appear unexpectedly as we wander about the craggy mountain-

top, which is a large roofless room, apparently chiselled from the solid ledge by the gods. This room is accessible on two steep sides while the other sides rise some 40 feet perpendicularly and are almost as smooth as the walls of a great hall. The leafy tops of the few trees that grow on the rocky floor of the chamber form an arched canopy above.

Perhaps more interesting to the average person than the natural wonder itself are the hundreds of names that are carved, scratched and painted on the smoother of the two walls. This surface is literally covered with names, initials, addresses and dates, in varying degrees of artistry and in a variety of colors. Visitors from far and near are thusly recorded here on this great stone register, from the loomy ground to a height of about 30 feet. How those at the top of the list reached the position remains a mystery to us. Obviously the more deeply carved names have best withstood the traditional ravages of time; and some graven shortly following the Civil War remain legible and apparently eternal.

Mayhap in some far-future day when our civilization has been wiped out and our language lost, some archaeological expedition will stumble onto those strange symbols on the granite face of the cave, and glean a goodly bit of history of our age from them. And those vain folks, including ourself, who sought to paint their names in glowing hues before the public eye, may receive recognition and perhaps get their monickers into the newspapers, or at least into an archaeological journal.

The Big Chamber is an ideal camping spot, and if the Indians didn't hold pow-wows, have council fires, imprison their captives and tell legends in this place, we are mighty disappointed in them.

But, the real caves await us! Here and there about the ledges are cracks and tumbled rocks, blasted and split by some great force; perhaps by ages of ice, perhaps by a great earthquake in an ancient day. However they were formed we cannot say, but all about us are dark entrances into the "innards" of the mountain-top. They are inviting to the adventurous and most unattractive to the timid.

A light of some sort, preferably a battery flashlight, is necessary in exploring these various "dungeons." Some of the entrances are barely large enough to admit a human

body, while the largest is a huge perpendicular crevice, perhaps 50 feet high and 10 feet across at the mouth. This crack tapers as we walk into it, becoming a mere tunnel which takes an upward twist and leads (if one is willing to crawl over sharp rocks) thru the mountain and delivers one from a small hole in the ground over a hundred feet from the starting point.

Some of the tunnels come to a "dead-end." In these cases, one must either reverse gears and back out or chance getting stuck while attempting to about-face. Getting caught while trying to turn around in one of those places is far from being a humorous situation, as one of our number, who measures well over six feet, discovered. A contortionist might feel at home in such a predicament, but the average visitor recalls the almost forgotten but horrible death of Floyd Collins, and makes a supreme effort to bundle himself up like a hedgehog and head for the surface of the earth.

Backing out of these "blind-tunnels" is also precarious, as another of our party demonstrated, involuntarily, by dropping into a hole some 10 feet deep and descending in a most unceremonious and painful manner. In fact, the several bruises he suffered swelled so rapidly that he feared lest he be unable to squeeze out thru the hole he had been barely able to squeeze into when in normal shape.

The underground air prevents normal breathing. It seems to be "heavy" and saturated with dampness. Breathing in, it is almost like attempting to breathe while under water.

Bats and hedgehogs, otherwise known as porcupines, inhabit the caves, but not in great numbers. However, great numbers are not necessary to make them very disagreeable wayfarers to meet in a tunnel barely large enough for one's self. We never dispute the right of way with a porcupine despite the fact that we may be within the law.

A few years ago, while we were on an expedition to the caves, a bear of somewhat imposing proportions gave us to understand he had leased the place for the season. Maine bears are harmless, if given half a chance to escape, but the possibility of meeting this old Bruin, face to face, in some narrow passage of the caves, caused us to content our timid self with a hurried glance at the marvellous view from the mountain-top, after which we returned to our own home and left b'r'bear

in his.

It is needless to deal at great length with each of the many holes, dungeons, tunnels, cracks, crevices, etc. that come under the general head of "caves." They are all familiar and must be seen by flashlight to be appreciated, and they must be felt, by bump and tumble, to be unappreciated.

It is claimed by old inhabitants that ice remains in the caves thru-out the year. Tho' we would like to be able to support this claim, we are unable to do so truthfully. We gave the place a thorough inspection recently and were unable to locate even as much as an icicle—but perhaps artificial refrigeration has penetrated the region, thereby accounting for the lack of the old original "cooler." Some years ago in the latter part of July, however, we found considerable ice in the caves, and at that time it showed no symptoms of melting.

## OLD MAN'S BARN

Old man, false teeth clicking, eyes dimly blue,  
wanders through memories of days  
passed by:

an old barn with hand hewn timbers,  
cobwebs faded, grey and tangled,  
gently dancing against the broken panes,  
hay wagons years sitting, axles rusted.

The wind blows up across the field.  
The old barn creaks and cries;  
musty hay floats down from rafters,  
lacing patterns on a wooden floor,  
voices from an acent past,  
echoing from within the wind.

Old man, gnarled hands, delicately touching  
ropes and dollies carrying unseen hay  
across the lofts.  
Calf ties, from a once young birch,  
now brittle, bound with fraying hemp;  
the weather-lined face smiles distantly.

Sunlight slants through rotted timbers,  
touching spiders' woven doilies,  
silver, draping barn doors, undisturbed.  
The wind blows up across the field;  
the old barn creaks and sighs,  
a song of days long forgotten.

Paul Curtis Hiss  
North Waterford

An aged man, who, as a boy, guided parties thru the caves, tells us a tale (we call it a tale advisedly), about an unusually large woman, a member of one of these parties. Despite her size, she insisted on accompanying her smaller companions on the "tour" into the far depths of the caverns, passing thru some of the small entrances and tunnels with more or less difficulty and effort on the part of all. Finally she became "lodged" in a narrow passage, and it seemed that nothing less than a charge of dynamite could release her.

The guide, being the only male member of the expedition, was hardly able to control the fears of her fellow-explorers, to say nothing of preventing her from "staving the mountain all to smithereens" (to quote him verbatim) as she screeched and thrashed around, several feet underground.

According to his account of the alleged incident, he finally became nearly exhausted and used his remaining strength to run a mile to the Ames farm, which was then occupied, for aid. Accompanied by a crew of hay-makers, he returned and after considerable effort and some profanity, after which the men at the good woman's head were bitten and scratched and the crew at her feet were soundly kicked, they succeeded in freeing her from the tenacious clutches of death, tho' at the expense of a greater part of her garments.

I doubt the old mountain had ever seen or ever will see greater excitement than was caused by that mammoth subterranean struggle when deathly screams echoed thru the bowels of the earth, the while the band of heroic rescuers fought and strained with the ungrateful victim. And all this in a "dog-hole" below the surface of the earth, in Stygian darkness and by the dim light of lanterns. No doubt the echoes of some of those lusty yells and shouts and threats could still be heard in the far reaches of the mountain's interior to this day, could one but listen quietly and long enough.

Bartlett, a journalist, author, poet and photographer who lived much of his life in Locke Mills, originally wrote of the Greenwood Ice Caves for The Lewiston Journal. He died at age 35 in 1937.

# Recollections

## Fox Hunting Days With Old Speedy

by Ben Tucker III



*Ben Tucker, Sr. poses with his foxhound Speedy and the largest fox he ever shot, on New Year's Day, 1922.  
The animal measured 60 inches.*

They were both in their youth when they first met. It was the spring of 1919: Speedy was but a six-week old pup and my grandfather was a young lad of sixteen. I was not around in those days, of course, but I have visited there many times through the stories that Grandfather used to tell me of his favorite foxhound and the many hunting days that the two of them spent together in the woods and fields in and around the little Maine town of Norway.

As a child I looked forward to those stories of Speedy and fox hunting. Many nights after a good supper at my grandparents' house, I would pore over the photo albums and search for pictures of Gramp and his hunting companion of days gone by. Whenever I came across a picture of foxpelts, or hounds, or Speedy himself, I would show it to Gramp and ask him to tell me the story behind the photograph. Invariably he would look at the picture a minute, thinking to himself before he turned to me and began:

"Speedy was only six weeks old when I picked him out of a litter of nine black and tan pups. 'Winky' Wood owned Speedy's mother. She was a full-blooded redbone hound that 'Winky' had mated to Henry Foster's full-blooded walker. I paid 'Winky' \$5 for that pup. I was just a junior at the old Norway High School in them days.

"Shorty Cook, the town barber, an avid foxhunter for many years, told me to let Speedy run rabbits the first year because if a dog was a foxhound, he'd make the shift from rabbits to foxes on his own. I hunted rabbits with Speedy all that winter and I shot a lot of rabbits ahead of him.

"The next fall, I was walking home from school one afternoon when I met Mert Green on the Platform in front of Jack Smith's store.

"Heard your dog come over Pasture Hill up by the Country Club," Mert said. "I know damn well he was chasing a fox; went the whole length of the ridge and he was barking to beat hell, too."

"I'll have you know that Mert's words tickled me in some good shape. I graduated from high school the next spring, 1920, and Speedy was two years old that June. The very first day of fox hunting season that fall Mert and I took Speedy and went up to the old Mark Richardson place in Norway Center. We stopped at Will Delano's farm and I parked my car out back of his buildings.

There were two big fields out back that went up onto Holt Mountain finally, and we walked out into the further field...

"Mert said, 'I'll go down to that cedar tree stand. You take the dog and head towards the top of the mountain.'

I was about half way up the mountain when Speedy commenced to wag his tail a little bit. I watched as he ran down over a bluff right towards the swamp at the base of the mountain. I'd never been to the top of Holt Mountain before but when I got there that day, I picked out a place high on a ledge that looked good to me. Pretty soon I heard Speedy open up as he jumped a fox, and I listened as the two animals headed in the direction of Cox's Ledges, probably a good half mile from me. They turned finally and came down by Mert Green, but Mert told me later that the fox was too far away to shoot. I was looking all 'round when, suddenly, I heard a red squirrel chitter and run up a tree. The fox came right past that tree and when he was about four rods distance from me, I shot him. That was the first fox Speedy and I ever got together. Speedy couldn't have been more than twenty rods behind that fox and when he got up to the fox, he just sort of nosed him all over. He didn't pick that fox up and shake the daylights out of him the way he came to do later, after he had been bitten by one. I think this time he was just curious to see what it was that he had been chasing.

"I slept in the front room over home and Speedy slept in the stable. On the morning of a hunt I'd come down the front stairs in my stocking feet and the minute I went through the living room, I'd hear Speedy whining at the kitchen door. He knew we were going hunting. I would let him in the kitchen while I fixed myself breakfast and put up a lunch. Speedy would watch me like a hawk. You could throw down a piece of beefsteak and he wouldn't look at it. He wouldn't touch nothing to eat. But when I'd pick up the gun, how he'd jump and dance. We'd get into the old Model-T I had at that time and we'd head for places like Frost Hill or Jim Hill or Palfloogy or Farnum's Pasture or Millett's Ledges. We'd get into that old truck and Speedy would stick his head out the window and bark like hell. You'd think he had a fox on the end of his nose, he was so excited.

"I remember one time we got to the top of the ridge in Norway Center and Speedy jumped right out of the window. Now of course the Model-T was going pretty slow

and the air was damp that morning. Evidently a fox had crossed the road there during the night and Speedy had picked up a good scent. Well, I had to go three or four hundred yards to park the truck and when I finally got back into the fields, Speedy had already come down off the mountain. I just figured that the fox must have run into his den. That summer I found out what really happened. It seems that a fellow who lived at the Center was out hunting and Speedy drove that fox right up to him and he shot it.

"New Year's Day, 1922, I shot the largest fox I ever got. It had snowed about ten inches the night before and 'Winky' Wood and I struck out for Frost Hill on foot. 'Winky' had brought Speedy's father, the walker hound, and I had Speedy. We walked up the Sodom Road and headed for Frost Hill. In a bog just beyond the old Niemi place there was a fox track about two-thirds full of snow. Both dogs stuck their noses in it and then they took off across Fred Frost's pasture and headed for the Thousand Acre lot. 'Winky' and I went clear to the top of the hill. The trees were all covered with snow but up there on the top we could hear the dogs going down in the swamp.

"They had a fox up and they were driving him real good. Before long they went out of hearing so I went down the hill about five hundred yards 'til I came to some ledges that had a steep drop-off of some 60 or 70 feet. I stood on that ledge for two hours and never heard a damn sound. Finally, I thought I could hear the dogs barking and it seemed to me that they were getting closer and closer to me all the time. I figured that the fox would either come over the top of the ledge or run down underneath it. I was all eyes. Pretty soon that fox showed up about six or seven rods from me right on top of the ledge. I pulled up and gave it to him and down he went. I had shot a little behind him and it broke both of his hind legs. He plowed right into the snow and you couldn't see anything but the back end of him.

"Well, those dogs were right on his tail when I fired the first time and when that fox heard the dogs come barking up over the ledge he yanked himself out of the snow and started to pull himself forward on his two front legs. He would have pulled himself over the steep drop-off if I hadn't shot him again. When the two dogs got to the fox, they both shook him in good shape. When I picked that fox up, I noticed that he had two

long hedgehog quills in the end of his nose where he had gotten too close to one recently. He was the biggest damn fox that I had ever seen. When I got him home and all skun out he measured five feet from the tip of his tail to the tip of his nose. He was an old baster! Hell, an average fox is only 48 to 50 inches long. This particular fox was at least 60 inches.

"Two different times I shot two foxes in one day ahead of Speedy. One morning about the first of November, 1924, Speedy and I were hunting over on Millett's Ledges. Speedy had gone down under the ledge and jumped a fox but at the time I didn't know it. I was tending to other business—('Takin' shot' as the fella says)—down 'side of a pine tree with my gun on the ground in front of me. I thought that I could hear a rustling in the leaves and when I looked up a fox ran by me not more than ten feet away. Didn't his eyes bug out some! I just dropped my britches, grabbed the shotgun, swung around and downed him! After I skun that fox out, Speedy and I walked down Horse Hill Road that eventually went over to Allen Hill. We no more got down to another field than Speedy struck a track that was very fresh. It must have belonged to a fox that had been driven out of the woods when Speedy jumped the first one up on the ledge.

"Speedy ran over to Grant Abbot's pasture and I headed up Horse Hill. I knew that track was damn fresh because Speedy was barking to beat hell. I had only gone into the woods about five hundred yards when I stopped because I could hear that fox running through the frozen leaves. Speedy was right on his tail. The fox ran under a flat rock no more than ten rods ahead from me, but I couldn't see him. I walked over to that rock and, about three feet to the right of it, I noticed a little hole in the ground. Down in that hole there were two green eyes. I drove my foot against the rock and it drove the fox back. Speedy came running up and stuck his head down that hole. He got close enough to the fox so that the fox grabbed him. He yanked that fox out of the hole and sort of buckled his head down under the fox's jaw so he could break the hold. He grabbed for the fox again and this time he killed him. Come to find out, that fox had been caught in a trap and had gotten out of it. The palm of his paw had been broken right in two and he had been lapping at that cut so you would think there was four coats of lacquer on it. The



Five foxes came from one week's hunt in 1925. Who is prouder... man or dog?

sore paw is the reason he had run into that hole so soon after he had been jumped. Speedy would surely have caught up with him anyway.

"I remember that I had just finished skinning that second fox out that morning when I heard the shoe shop whistle blow down in the village. That whistle blew every morning at ten minutes of seven so that gives you a good idea of how rapidly Speedy and I got those two foxes that morning. I remember I got \$10 apiece for those two pelts. That was when a good week's pay was between \$18 and \$20 for 54 hours' work.

"One morning in 1926 I shot two foxes about twenty minutes apart over in the Yagger Neighborhood. I was out on Walker's Ledges and a fox had evidently laid down under a ledge when Speedy took his track and drove him right up in my direction. The fox hadn't run more than five hundred yards when I shot him. I remember Speedy ran up,

grabbed the fox, gave him one good shake and then ran right back down over the ledge again. He had never left me as quickly as that before and I wondered what the reason was. Well, pretty soon he had another fox up and this time they headed for Sue Austin's Ledges. That fox made just one turn and he came back to the same place I had just shot the first one. I had just one snap shot but I got him. I shot him right on the same spot I had shot the other one, but this fox was really sailing. At that time, they were paying fifteen dollars for number one prime foxpelts and these two foxes were of such good size and such good color that Will Bickness, the man I sold my furs to in those days, told me he would give me \$16 apiece for those two animals.

"For five years in a row I would take the months of November and December off from work at the shoe shop to hunt foxes with Speedy. It was slack season at the shop

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anyway and I could usually make a decent living hunting foxes and doing odd jobs. In the fall of 1926 I shot ten foxes and cut six cord of wood for halves, and I made one hundred and sixty-five dollars. I'll never forget one week that fall. I saw ten different foxes and never got a shot off. I was either in the wrong place at the wrong time or else just too far away. During those five years I shot between forty and fifty foxes ahead of Speedy. That amounted to something over five hundred dollars' worth of foxpelts.

"Yes sir, Speedy was a hell of a foxhound and a wonderful companion too. He loved to hunt and he just got excited as I did. We certainly had some wonderful times together during the six years that he lived. I shot ten foxes in a row ahead of him before I missed one. Some were easy shots and some were hard shots. I bled the eleventh fox but he got away from us. I've owned nine other foxhounds besides Speedy but none of them could hold a candle to him. He was one of those once-in-a-lifetime dogs that captured not only my heart, but also my respect."

The "days of Speedy" are gone forever and, by now, the sport of foxhunting has virtually disappeared from the Maine scene. But, when I watch my grandfather as he sits and quietly gazes at the woods and fields around his home, I sometimes catch a glimpse of a young man and a dog and the unforgettable days the two of them shared so long ago.

Tucker, a native of Norway, is carrying on a namesake which dates back to the town's founding. He now resides in Oxford, where he works at Robinson Manufacturing Company.

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# Folk Tales

## Norway's Joyce Noble: From Farmland To Pineland

by Pat White Gorrie

Pineland is a kaleidoscope of impressions: warm whirlpools; sunny workrooms; a wheelchair in a bowling lane; a nine-year-old with snappy Mexican eyes who wears baby shoes and looks like a happy toddler; an impish 23-year-old named Sandy Plummer with a BA in Psychology, tossing a grin over her shoulder and an affectionate arm around 35-year-old Madeline, who looks 13 and acts 6, as they climb the stairs together, remarking, "Isn't she sweet? She's my friend."

Kim Wing standing by the pool with the fire of idealism flaring forth in every gesture of her hands, every nuance of her voice, as she describes how hydrotherapy can perform miracles in loosening up the rigid limbs of spastic children; bearded Wayne Gordon listening patiently to a crippled girl's problems and calming her by engrossing her in the task of threading a needle; a boy with cerebral palsy being piggy-backed down the hall by his laughing teacher; a retarded girl



*Norma Sidelinger and Joyce Noble on the farm*

named Marilyn proudly playing with her two misshapen hands "Away In A Manger" on an old, out-of-tune piano and winking with delight at your astonishment.

Raymond, a man of 25 handing out a bar of mint soap to sniff before he stuffs it into a "Tom's Natural Soap" box, a job for which he gets paid. His eyes are the bluest you've ever seen, and the smile in them melts your heart. It is a beautiful face, and a happy one.

The kaleidoscope has an infinite number

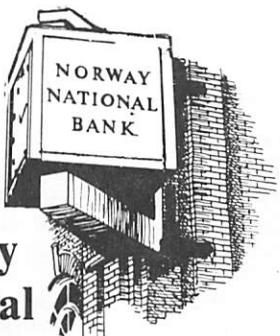
of parts. They come together in a design that lifts your heart and fills it with hope.

Pineland Hospital and Training Center does not depress. It is a sprawling cluster of attractive buildings built into the beautiful countryside of Pownal. Your first glimpse might be of one of the physically or mentally handicapped residents kneeling in a field of dandelions, picking them by the basketful. Not for wine-making. Not to toss in a salad. Simply because dandelions are



*Joyce and Pineland employee Barbara Orlando inspect one of the center's newly-upholstered wheel chairs. The refurbished chairs are symbolic of the center's new determination to move as many patients as possible out of their beds and into the community*

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beautiful. Or had you forgotten?

"These children have gotten so little and they need so much," says Norway native Joyce Noble, Chief of the Physiotherapy Department at the Center. Physiotherapy is not Joyce's only occupation, but it is where her heart lies.

Back home at her 45-acre ranch she'll take time out from mending a fence, lean on a post and talk to you about everything from cattle raising to guitar playing, but sooner or later, like all roads leading to Rome, the conversation veers toward the handicapped, and her philosophy regarding them.

"It's the most satisfying work in the world, helping them develop to their fullest potential. Some of them laid like vegetables, staring at white ceilings, for years before they came here. Can you believe that? Can you imagine what that does to the circulation? Inactivity like that means respiratory infections, urinary tract infections, a deterioration, in fact, of the body in general, not to mention the mind. We get them moving. We encourage all sorts of locomotion and stimulate them to use their bodies as much as they can. We teach them to play, to enjoy themselves, to take an interest in their surroundings."

It was part of Joyce's karma (if you believe in things like that) that she injured her Achilles tendon during a simulated disaster drill while a Captain in the U. S. Air Force back in the days of the Cuban missile crisis. The long months of pain, surgery and hospitalization which followed left her with a slight permanent limp and a need to re-evaluate her future and shift gears.

Joyce had graduated from the University of Maine with a BA in Education and had worked as a physiotherapist from Virginia on up through New York, Boston and Portland. Then Europe had lured her; she wended her way from Switzerland and Belgium through Spain and on into France, Italy and England. But when the attractions of travel paled and her stint in the service ended in so much suffering, home she came to Maine. The limp was still there but the hands and arms were strong.

Before ending up at Pineland, Joyce went to work in the Physiotherapy Department at Rumford Hospital. Norma Sidelinger, a career nurse, worked there in the Emergency Room and the two became close friends. Over coffee breaks in the cafeteria they decided to cast their lots together,

"retire" from their careers at Rumford, and jump into the cattle business. Norma moved into the big old farmhouse with Joyce; they promptly set about restoring it; and their transformation into farmers began in earnest. Together they began with one calf and built up a herd of Angus and Herefords which now runs to 30 head. The two of them deliver calves; repair roofs and barn siding and whatever else comes apart, with the help of Terry Parker, Joyce's cousin; make maple syrup when the sap's running; and, when they find the time, strum guitars.

These are the spokes in the wheel of Joyce's well-rounded life. The hub is Pineland. "The people there need everything we can give them," she'll tell you.

Places like Pineland used to be thought of as "snake pits" where those whose minds had left them or whose bodily functions refused to be controlled were kept huddled in listless, staring groups, bare of clothes, stimulation and, most of all, love. Those days are gone, or should be. President John F. Kennedy's mother, Rose, contributed greatly to the change in attitude toward the mentally and physically retarded. She spoke openly and often about the need for re-education of the public; one of her own daughters has been institutionalized since childhood.

Joyce and her young cohorts, Sandy, Kim, and long-haired Laurie Curtis, talk excitedly about the work being done at Pineland. "The best thing about working in a place like this is there aren't any hangups about expressing affection," says Sandy. "After the initial shock period, you stop noticing the drooling mouths and crooked features. They all become beautiful; you grow to love them. What I like best of all is, I feel it has made me a better person. The whole world seems different to me now. I am more tolerant. 'Ugly' doesn't exist."

Joyce affirms Sandy's feelings. "You become terribly protective about these kids. You bristle if anyone—any 'normal' person—makes a crack about them, or even stares."

The bowling alleys and the two specially heated pools are giant strides forward in therapy treatments and morale. Kim, in "aquatics" since she was 13, says, "First, you have to define what you mean by swimming. If it's a case of looking like an Olympic contender, maybe our kids wouldn't score so high. But if you define it as being able to move from Point A to Point B, well then,



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some of them can be taught to make it... Almost all of them can be taught some degree of locomotion in the water. But even if they just laid there and didn't do a thing, they'd be helped. Water involves resistance; it increases strength. It changes their center of gravity and buoyancy takes over; limbs that never move in a bed begin to move freely. It improves the cardiovascular system. Most of all, it relaxes them; it's fun."

"They're not really so different as people think," adds Sandy. "They need fun just like we do and a chance to work at something. They need to be treated with respect. They need somebody to say, 'You're terrific!' or 'I love you.' I can't see that they're so much different than so-called 'normal' people. Sweeter, maybe. More loving. That's about it."

The sunlit rooms at Pineland are full of plants, gaily painted furnishings and bustling activity. These are the workshops such as the one in "Adult Daily Living" where, under the patient eye of Mary Turner, such lower-developmental skills as eating with silverware, washing one's self, grooming, even bed-making are practiced.

Wooden boats and airplanes hang from strings in the prevocational woodwork shop where John Nee puts his students to work,

sanding or painting.

There are classes in "fine motor skills" where the use of fingers and hands are emphasized, and "gross motor skills" in which the entire body is involved; where people such as 35-year-old, pig-tailed Madeline, who "falls down a lot," can play and roll and teeter-totter and walk on a balancing beam (almost at floor level) to improve muscular flexibility and balance.

Some, like the babies in Gloucester Hall, are not ready for such advanced activities, but they are given their share of care and attention.

Heading toward the exit door, you look at the art work tacked up on the hall walls, smiling at the crayon-colored dogs and flowers. You get off the subject for a moment, trying to find out from Joyce the quickest way of getting from Pineland back to the Oxford Hills area. It was a rainy day for the tour and the trip there, while breathtaking in its misty, rural beauty, seemed to take forever.

"Isn't it awfully far from your place in Norway to here, Joyce? Doesn't it tire you out, commuting here every day?"

Her brown eyes smile at the question.

"It doesn't seem long to me," she says softly. "I can't wait to get here."

*Joyce conducting  
a physical therapy  
session at Pineland*





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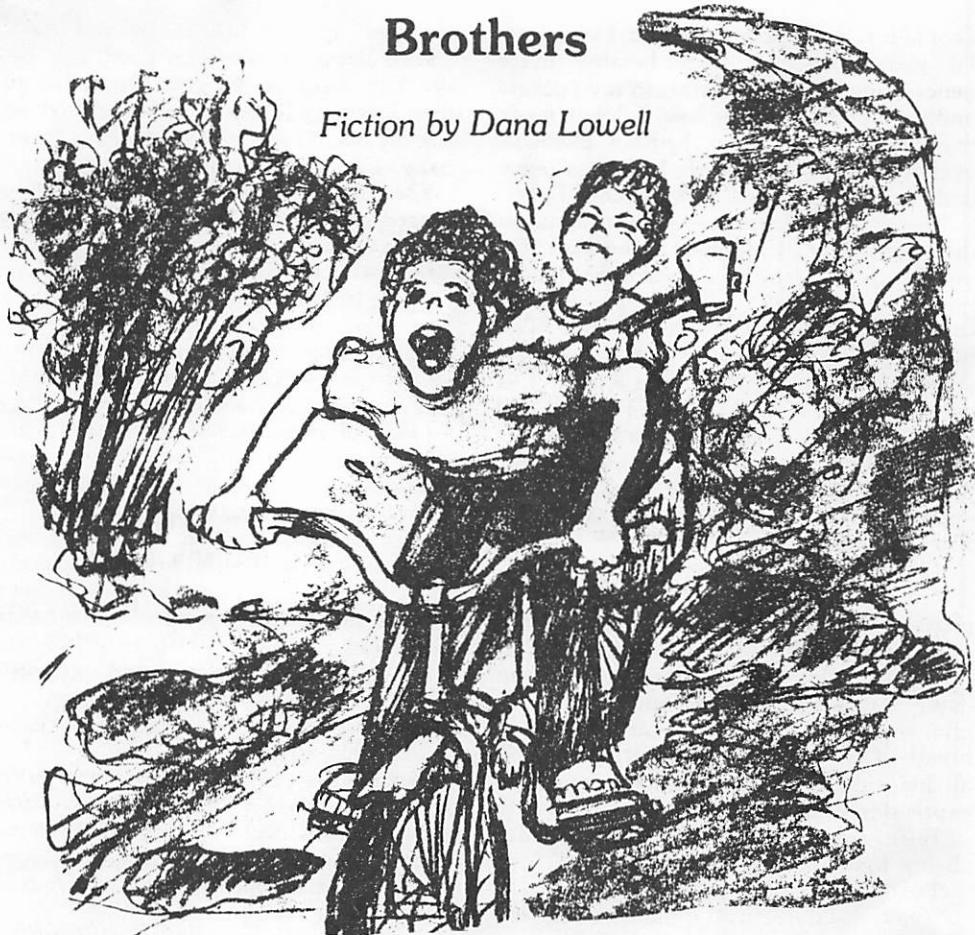
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# Brothers

Fiction by Dana Lowell



Elwood was always coming up with unusual projects to undertake and, as his little brother, I was his inescapable partner.

Most of these ventures ended in natural failure. For instance, chicken houses eight feet by eight feet, five stories high and built on a muddy hillside do not usually stand through too many wind storms. Elwood was stubborn, though. After several attempts to re-erect this landmark, he gave up only because his ever-expanding mind turned to a more bizarre idea. We were to build a road through the woods to a river that was only ten and one-half miles away. Elwood was also determined. Even with me felling trees onto him and complaining about the blisters on my hands and purposely losing my hatchet, he still wouldn't quit. Finally defeat was obvious—not even Elwood could build a bridge across a fifty foot ravine without any lumber.

But with one undertaking, things were

different.

One evening after the chores were done and life was almost peaceful, he approached me. I'd felt it coming for days. He'd become uncommonly quiet and had refrained from beating up on me. "Hey, kid," his magnetic voice came from inside the barn. "Where's your hatchet?" I momentarily ceased my search for fresh cow flaps and thought where I'd last hidden it.

"I don't know," I called back after a few moments of deliberation and then I plunged both feet into a nice juicy one.

"Do you suppose you could find it?" he said with force.

"No," I quickly returned as I nervously treaded around, sending the green mush oozing up through my toes. He knew that I was lying, and in an instant he was out of the barn and staring at me. It was a sort of a ritual. It was his way of persuasion. I treaded some more with my chin stuck into my chest.

I could feel my face growing red. Every time I'd glance up, his eyes became more penetrating. With my hands in my pockets and with my head hung low, I slowly made my way to the corner of the barn. Elwood's eyes followed me. His wiry body was tense and his narrow mouth was clenched tight.

"Hey, kid," he called just as I was about to disappear around the corner of the barn. "Do you remember how the bedroom window got broke?"

His words pulled me to a stop. The bedroom window — cracked, or rather, smashed by a stray rock. "You wouldn't," I gasped, "you wouldn't squeal on me, would you?" There was a long pause and Elwood's face relaxed and then stretched into a smile.

"Well, kid," he said real slow, "do you suppose you could find your hatchet?" Blackmail—the story of my life.

"O.K.," I reluctantly gave in. "I'll get it."

"Good," he said as though crossing out one phase of his plan. "When you find it, meet me out by the road."

Hoping to get there before Elwood, I ran down across the field and into the woods after my hatchet. But when I arrived, out of breath, he was there waiting with his bicycle at his side and an extremely impatient expression on his face.

"Push me," he ordered before I had a chance to ask any questions.

"Push you?" I questioned.

"Yeah, push me up the hill," he said and motioned with his hand. I just looked at him with a queer expression, trying to figure out what he was up to. "C'mon," he snapped, "push me!"

"You can't make me do this... I don't have to push you. I'm going to the house," I said and started to turn away.

"Kid," he said mockingly, "remember the window?"

The window—one slip of the hand was dragging me into something I knew I would regret. There wasn't any winning. "Alright! Alright!" I conceded in a miserable tone.

"Good," he said. "Push me."

"Where are we going?"

"You'll see. Now hurry up and push me."

"Does ma know about this?" I asked as a last resort.

"Of course she knows!" he exploded and he looked at me with those convincing eyes. "Now c'mon and push me. We haven't much time." I had no choice. With my hatchet in one hand and the other on Elwood's back, I

struggled up the hill as he effortlessly peddled along. "You're doin' good, kid," he'd say. "Yep. Keep up the good work, kid, and when I get my license, I just might let you have my bike." I was pleased and, of course, I pushed that much harder.

When we reached the top of the hill we stopped and Elwood looked down the other side. At the bottom there was a pond. It was Dwight's pond. Elwood appeared to be studying it. His pale blue eyes squinted and every few minutes he'd run his hand through his tight, curly hair. Years ago, so all the old-timers claimed, before the beavers were trapped out, the pond was much larger and was full of trout. But now, it was pretty much covered with lily pads; a small brook flowed in and an even-smaller brook flowed out and passed beneath the road.

After several minutes of taking long breaths and scratching his head, he turned to me. "Get in," he instructed while pointing at the steel saddlebags bolted to the rear fender of his bike.

"Me?" I almost whispered in astonishment?

"C'mon," he urged. "It's safe." I just stood there with a gaping mouth; I didn't see how he could be serious. "C'mon, you little punk," he finally snapped. "We haven't much time!" He was serious. Numbly, I straddled the rear fender and placed my feet in the saddlebags. I was petrified. And with one push from his foot, we were off down a half-mile stretch of road that would make any cowpath look like a well-traveled road. My eyes stayed shut and I clenched my hatchet as I desperately clung to Elwood's shirt-tail. We dove in and out of pot holes, and dust and rocks flew into my face, and the bike shook and shimmied until it felt like it was going to fall apart. With the wind whistling in my ears, the only thing I could hear was Elwood's laughter every time we hit a bump. Miraculously, we reached the bottom without any mishaps. "There kid," he teased, leaning his bike against the wooden side rail of the bridge, "that wasn't so bad, was it?" I didn't reply.

He was halfway to the pond while I was still struggling from the saddlebags. From the road I could barely see the water. Except for Dwight's five gray birches, the pond was surrounded by alders and cattails. "Are you coming?" Elwood hollered from the bushes. For a moment, with him in the alders, I thought of taking off for home. But along with the thought of running came the vision

of my mutilated body lying by the road after he caught up with me and, without any further delay, I followed his path through the bushes. He was standing by Dwight's five gray birches. They were tall and they gracefully leaned out toward the water. "I want you to chop these five trees down," Elwood instructed.

"I can't chop these trees down. These are Dwight's trees."

"Yes, you can. Now get chopping."

"No, I can't. These are Dwight's trees. These are the trees that he's always talking about... telling how when they were kids they'd climb to the top and then swing out into the water." I paused. "I can't chop these trees down!"

"These aren't the trees," he said as though calling me a fool. "Those trees are down by the river."

"They are?"

"Yeah, they are," he said and shook his head. "Does this pond look deep enough to dive into from the top of one of these trees? And besides, they aren't even close enough to the shore to swing from and they are too big to bend." He kicked the trunk of one of the birches. His arguments seemed good, but something still bothered me.

"Are you sure these aren't the trees?" I asked in confusion. "I always thought that these were the trees."

"No, these aren't the trees," he said in a tiring tone.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"You wouldn't be trying to trick me, would you?"

"No, kid, I wouldn't be trying to trick you."

"But why do you want them chopped down?"

"You'll see," he said. "Now just get chopping. All five have to be chopped down tonight."

"But why?"

"You'll see," he said once again. He always kept things a secret. "Now get chopping. I'm going over to the other side of the road and see if there are any good trout holes in the little brook before it goes into the river. I'll be back in a little while."

He had me convinced and I started chopping. After a couple of whacks, it wouldn't have mattered whose trees they were—my hatchet was on fire. There was an inexplicable feeling of ecstasy at seeing my hatchet whack through that white wood and

then to watch the tree fall gracefully from the sky and hear its top branches splash into the pond. As quickly as one would crack and head for the earth, I'd start on another. The world about me ceased to exist. I was lost in complete pleasure.

Hours passed and dusk settled in. As the last tree gave way and fell to the ground with its top splashing into the water, I was brought back to reality by the sound of tires screeching to a halt and a car door slamming shut. The car had come to a stop on the bridge. I had a clear view of a huge man snapping his head from side to side trying to see through the alders. "You in there!" he shouted wildly. "What in hell do you think you're doing!" I didn't answer. I knew I'd done something wrong. Slowly, I sank to my knees and crouched next to one of the birch stumps and waited. For a second, there was total silence and then he came crashing through the bushes toward me. My stomach turned. He sounded like an entire army. "What have you done to my birches?" he exclaimed as he burst into the clearing I had created. It was Dwight and he was somewhat upset. His face was extremely red and the corners of his mouth were twitching and his eyes were bulging from their sockets. "For Christ's sake, who in hell do you think you are?" he blurted. "Coming onto someone's land and chopping down his trees. Just look at what you've done!" The fact that I was only about ten years old didn't even seem to cross his mind. Desperate, I turned to Elwood for help.

"But Elwood..." I started to say while pointing to the road.

"Who?" Dwight snapped, trying to see what I was pointing at.

"Over there," I explained impatiently, still crouched next to a birch stump, "leaned up against the bridge. Didn't you see a..." My explanation ended with a gasp. Elwood was gone, bike and all. And my attempt to clear my name seemed only to have irritated Dwight that much more. Not knowing if I was going to be beaten with a stick or merely whipped with words, I crouched closer to the ground and watched Dwight from the corner of my eye. Suddenly, he grabbed my hatchet from my hand and held it high above his head as though he were winding up to split a piece of wood. I waited. Sweat beaded across his forehead and his mouth kept twitching at its corners. Minutes seemed to

page 40...

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# The Summer Kitchen\*

by Sally Clay



After the last potatoes and other root crops have been collected in September and early October, it is time for Maine gardeners to "tuck in" the soil and say goodnight to their gardens for the winter.

Although there are pros and cons on the issue, most gardeners agree on the advantage of rototilling in the fall. At this time, soil conditioners such as animal waste, mulch hay, and dried leaves are readily available to spread on the soil or place in the compost heap.

Rototilling now when the ground is dry is easier than in the spring, and spring planting will be facilitated by soil that has been prepared in this way. Rototilling turns waste material back into the ground and provides insect control, and the loosened soil will absorb rain water more thoroughly.

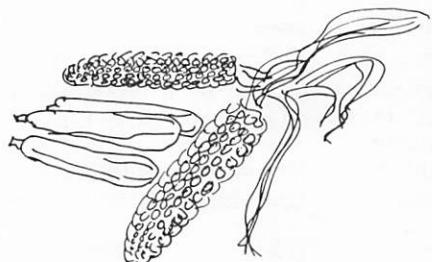
Also at this time, winter rye or other cover crops can be planted.

In the kitchen, chances are that many garden vegetables have accumulated that are not suitable for eating as they are—such as green tomatoes—or that will spoil if not prepared immediately—such as zucchini. These vegetables can be used in relishes, pickles, and other recipes.

For example, zucchini can be preserved for

future use by cooking and mashing it, then freezing it in containers. The mashed zucchini makes an excellent addition to breads, casseroles, and other recipes where it can substitute for some of the liquid called for.

Both zucchini and corn are used in the Corn Zucchini Bake.



## Corn Zucchini Bake

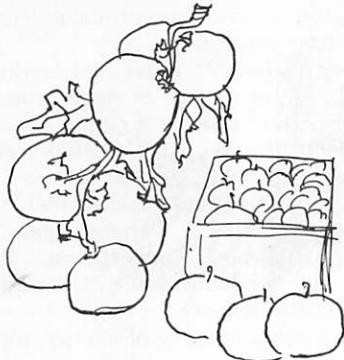
- 1 lb. (3 to 4 med.) zucchini
- 1/4 cup chopped onion (sautee)
- 1 Tblsp. butter
- 2 cups corn (or 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen corn)
- 1 cup (4 oz.) shredded Swiss cheese
- 1/4 tsp. salt

As a topping, sprinkle on:

- 1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 2 Tblsp. Parmesan cheese, grated
- 1 Tblsp. butter

Bake at 350 degrees for 25-30 minutes.

Almost all gardeners find themselves with extra green tomatoes salvaged before the first frost. This recipe for mincemeat has been in use in Oxford County for over 100 years, and is handed down from Gram Farrington of Locke Mills.



#### Green Tomato Mincemeat

- 3 lbs. ground green tomatoes
- 3 lbs. chopped apple
- 2 lbs. ground raisins
- 1 cup suet, bacon fat, or oleo
- 1 cup vinegar
- 2 lbs. brown sugar (or less to taste)
- 2 Tblsp. salt
- 2 Tblsp. cinnamon
- 2 tsp. cloves
- 2 Tblsp. nutmeg

Scald the tomatoes three times; boil them, then rinse and strain. Mix all ingredients and cook until clear. Seal in hot jars or freeze in containers. The mincemeat will be delicious right from the jar, and can be used "as is" in mincemeat pie.

Small pieces of garden vegetables, such as carrots, cauliflower, green peppers, and onions can be assembled to make **Mixed Pickles**. Cut them up as necessary and use your favorite pickling recipe, usually a vinegar, sugar and water solution with spices. Pour the solution over the vegetables and cook a short time. Similarly, the following recipe for Green Relish makes a good condiment.



Green Relish

- 4 cups ground onions
- 1 med. head cabbage
- 10 green tomatoes
- 12 green peppers
- 6 sweet red peppers
- 1/2 cup salt
- 6 cups sugar
- 1 Tblsp. celery seed
- 2 Tblsp. mustard seed
- 1 1/2 tsp. turmeric
- 4 cups cider vinegar
- 2 cups water

Grind the vegetables using a coarse grinder blade. Sprinkle with the salt and let stand overnight. Rinse and drain. Combine the remaining ingredients and pour over the vegetable mixture. Heat to boiling and simmer 3 minutes. Seal in hot, sterilized jars.

Homemade condiments will liven up meals for you and your guests come Thanksgiving and Christmas. For a few days' work in the kitchen this month, you can enjoy the fruits of your summer garden throughout the winter.

\*As the center of activity in the early American farmhouse during all but the coldest winter months, the summer kitchen functioned as much more than a place to fix food during warm weather. Food was not only prepared there, it was manufactured, along with many other useful household items, turned out practically year-round. There was canning, preserving, cheese making and cider pressing. Gardens were planned there. Chickens were plucked and freshly-bagged game was hung to air. Soap was made and fabrics were dyed. Thus, the summer kitchen has come to represent the broadest spectrum of the farming life.

Information for **The Summer Kitchen** column is contributed by Groan & McGurn Greenhouses, Bethel.

# Medicine For The Hills

by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

## Understanding Arthritis - Part II

Rheumatoid arthritis—a chronic disease of the small joints, without cure, sometimes deforming, and with periods of greater and lesser severity—was the subject of last month's column. In that introductory article to this three-part series on arthritis, we also discussed arthritis quackery and the patient's vulnerability to desperation treatments. Now, a bit about drugs.

Imagine awakening each morning feeling stiff and sore in every joint, with swelling, tenderness and pain at every motion. Imagine facing the specter of possible deformity. Wouldn't you feel, "I'd pay anything to be rid of this!"?

How then would you respond when your doctor offered aspirin as a consolation?

"He doesn't know what I'm feeling. I'm in pain! I need *more* than aspirin."

It's certainly an understandable reaction. At this crucial point the patient may either be started on effective therapy, or be lost to the quack.

Aspirin, used correctly, is, in fact, the mainstay of arthritis therapy. It should be the first drug offered to the arthritic. Most arthritis is a disease of *inflammation* of joints. The joints affected harbor white blood cells attacking some as-yet-unknown substance. In the course of battle, the white blood cells release poison and toxins of their own. As host to this *inflammatory response*, the joint linings, cartilage, and bone are destroyed in the process. Drugs which subdue the

battling elements are termed *anti-inflammatory*. Aspirin suppresses inflammation, in addition to relieving pain and fever.

Aspirin—cheap, effective, with few side effects—is actually quite a drug. Its only short-coming is imagined: we wonder how anything that cheap can be any good. Yet, with large, steady doses of 8-12 tablets a day, inflammation subsides. Because some inflammation can continue even as pain leaves, aspirin therapy for arthritis must be as unremitting as the disease. The patient doesn't stop taking tablets when feeling better. Proper medical supervision will test for aspirin blood levels, monitor side effects, and adjust proper dosage.

High-priced, heavily advertised "arthritis preparations"—effective as pain-relievers and anti-inflammatory drugs—usually contain aspirin (salicylates) as their active ingredient. These preparations are snatched up by people who feel that "expensive is better." Patients pay for attractive packaging, advertising, filler materials and the living wage of the quack distributing the remedy.

For those who, because of allergy, ulcers or stomach distress, cannot tolerate aspirin, substitutes abound. The most popular aspirin substitute, *acetaminophen* (Tylenol, Tempra, Datril) is *not* anti-inflammatory and will not do anything for arthritis. Ibuprofen (Motrin), fenoprofen (Nalfon), and naproxine (Naprosyn) are similar to aspirin in anti-inflammatory therapy, and are just as effective. All are expensive. A bottle of one-thousand plain aspirin costs \$8.79 and will last over three months consumed at the rate of 10 per day. A month's supply of Motrin costs \$21.69. For the added expense, one gets a substitute for aspirin, but *not* necessarily more effective therapy.

Indomethacin (Indocin) and phenylbutazone (Butazolidine) are anti-inflammatory and effective in arthritis other than rheumatoid. They are considerably more toxic than aspirin and its substitutes. Side effects, particularly from phenylbutazone, can be severe and sometimes even fatal.

Injected gold preparations are anti-inflammatory and effective against rheumatoid arthritis. Although not a cure, gold nevertheless can control the disease for as long as it is administered. Side effects can be lethal and frequent blood and urine testing is mandatory. The injections are given weekly at first, for a period of perhaps

## YOU DON'T SAY

Wouldn't care much for the glory  
that attends a high degree;  
Do not crave a battle gory  
to make a martyr out of me —  
Only wonder if I would  
Be a hero if I could.

Stanley Foss Bartlett

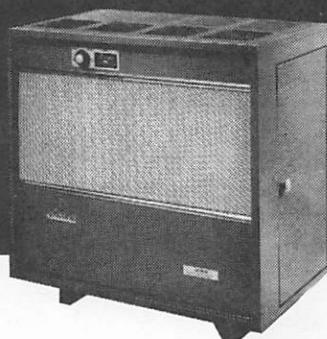
10 to 12 weeks, then administered monthly and continued indefinitely. Response is slow. Benefits occur over months, not overnight. Obviously, with weekly injections, frequent lab testing, and possible severe toxicity, gold therapy is not a treatment easily engaged in, even though seventy per cent of rheumatoid patients will show some response.

Plaquenil and penicillamine are two potent drugs—with potent side effects—used occasionally to beat rheumatoid arthritis. As with gold, they are not to be used in a cavalier manner.

Cortisone-like drugs (prednisone, dexamethazone, Decadron, Medrol, and others) attack inflammation better than any of the drugs mentioned so far. Arthritis symptoms may subside in hours. Patients are wonderfully relieved.

Why then save best for last? Because cortisone used in an unrestrained fashion is a treatment more lethal than the disease. Taken in large doses for long periods, cortisone weakens resistance to infection; causes easy bruising, acne, and fat deposits; produces severe mental reactions, high blood sugar, high blood pressure, and

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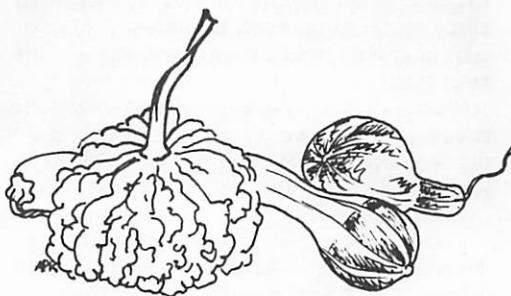
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thinning of bone; and leads to cataracts, muscle weakness, and high cholesterol. Used intermittently, and in low doses, cortisone can be a God-send. But any doctor who liberally sprinkles his patients with cortisone should be subject to suspicion.

Arthritis treatment is a tricky business. There is no cookbook approach. Rheumatoid arthritis, especially, is as variable as each patient is unique. Commonly, combinations of drugs are used. Some drugs are discarded for pre-existing medical reasons, and some are used immediately because of the severity of the disease. Physical therapy, exercises, rest, surgery, and emotional support add immensely to the total treatment of the patient.

There is no cure for rheumatoid arthritis. There are no secrets; no easy answers to the disease. Aspirin benefits many. There are other options, each with their own peculiar problems. The soundest course to follow in treating the disease is to find a doctor who respects drugs and their side effects and who cares about *you*. Stay with him. Avoid needless expense. Avoid quacks and patent medicines. If obesity adds to the burden on

your joints, lose weight. Do your exercises. Take your medicines as prescribed. Help yourself. ■



## YOU DON'T SAY

My neighbor is most obstinate,  
He thinks he's right in each debate;  
It makes me mad enough to damn —  
He thinks he's right — I know I am!

Stanley Foss Bartlett

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## THE RUNNER

Dusk, and a fleeting sense of unity with time  
As daylight blends with moonlight...  
My dog and I, equally amused,  
Stare disbelieving at this clownish oaf  
Who has so boldly interfered with us;  
A common toad, who moments before  
Was nearly crushed  
Beneath my running feet!  
Comical toad! (Almost arms-a-kimbo)  
He stares unblinking, and demands to know  
How dare I interrupt his path!

Here in the darkness of this country road,  
I feel in tune with some primeval flow...  
I know the toad, the dog and I  
Each have our own affairs... and yet  
When night sounds fall, and moonlight  
Guides my way, I'll watch for him.  
Perhaps again our paths will cross  
When my breathing sounds an answer  
To the lonely whip-poor-will  
And the steady rhythm of my running  
Becomes the steady rhythm of my life.

Janice Bigelow  
West Minot

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# Goings On

## ART

COLLAGES, PAINTINGS BY QUINT-ROSE: At the Hupper Gallery, Hebron Academy, Sept. 9-Oct. 13. Gallery hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-9 p.m., Sun. 2-5 p.m.

RECENT WORKS OF MICHAEL PALMER: Bates College Treat Gallery, Oct. 1-Nov. 5. Gallery hours: Mon.-Fri., 1-4 p.m., 7-8 p.m.; Sun. 2-5 p.m. Free Admission.

WESTERN MAINE ART GROUP: Celebration Mime Theatre's Community Pottery Program Display and Workshop, Nov. 16-19.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL BRIDGTON ART SHOW: Oct. 7, 8, & 9, from 10 a.m.-4 p.m. at the Town Hall on Route 302. Works by between 100 & 150 artists are expected to be viewed by 1500 guests at the popular three-day event. The Bridgton Chamber of Commerce is the financial sponsor of the show, but the actual work is performed by a small committee of community volunteers.

This year's prizes include: \$1,000 for best in show; \$500 for first honorable mention; and \$350 for second honorable mention. A

\$200 prize will be awarded the popular choice of the viewers, and a \$200 prize will go to the artist and patron choice.

The prizes will be awarded by three judges, all of whom are practicing artists, according to Becky Gilbreath, who, with her husband Jeff, is organizing the show this year. Acting as judges are: James Elliot, a Maine watercolorist and former director of the Portland School of Fine and Applied Art; Cabot Lyford, a sculptor and teacher at Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, and Maine painter George DeLyra.

Admission to the show is free. A catalog of entries may be purchased for a small fee.

## LECTURES

GWENDOLYN BROOKS Pulitzer-Prize-winning poet, Thurs., Nov. 2, Bates College Chase Lounge, 8 p.m. Free Admission.

## MUSIC

THE APPLE HILL CHAMBER PLAYERS:

## New Hope For Neglected Animals in Bridgton

Two years ago Betty Horton and some other women in the area talked about the vast numbers of abused and abandoned animals and dreamed of setting up a shelter. This summer, their dream came true with the opening of the New Hope Farm on Middle Road in Bridgton.

The newest of Bridgton's animal shelters is financed through private donations. Volunteers operate the business daily under the guidance of Dr. Matthew Holden of South Paris, 1-4 p.m. Sun., Weds., Fri. and Sat.; 7-8:30 p.m. Tues. and Thurs.

The 20 volunteers who have been working along with Dr. Holden "all love animals and care a lot about them," says Betty. "But," she adds, "we need more support from the community."

As the membership grows, the operating hours will expand.

To become a member, a person must attend three consecutive meetings: the first in order to indicate interest; the second to fill out an application form; and the third to vote on the acceptance of the application. In the future, the farm will sponsor an educational program for children on animal care and will also work toward a spaying program. At present the only neutering program operating at the center involves an

agreement from anyone adopting a pet to have it neutered, along with later documentation from the attending vet.

Many animals have already been helped at the center, according to its founder, including a mother cat and five kittens who were rescued just before being thrown alive into a furnace.

Organizers are banking on the fact that there are others beside themselves in the area who are concerned enough about neglected animals to give them new hope.



Weds., Oct. 18, Bates College Chapel, Lewiston,  
8 p.m. Free Admission.

TOCCATAS & FLOURISHES: Martin Berinbaum, trumpet, Richard Morris, organ. (Community Concert Series), Fri., Oct. 13, 8:15 p.m., Lewiston Junior High School Auditorium. Season ticket holders only.

NORWAY-PARIS CHAPTER SPEBSQSA, INC.: meets Thursdays, 7:30 p.m., Second Congregational Church, Norway. Guests and visiting barbershoppers welcome.

THE NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET: Sun., Oct. 29, Bates College Chapel, 8 p.m. Admission \$4.50.

## THEATRE

"THE MARRIAGE": by Nikolai Gogol, Oct. 12-15, Bates College Shaeffer Theatre.

"BEYOND THE HORIZON": by Eugene O'Neill, Nov. 30-Dec. 3, Bates College Schaeffer Theatre.

### RAW REVENGE

*The critics called his sketches crude  
In language insulting and rude.*

*He picked up his pen  
And started again,  
Then pictured each prude in the nude!*

Otta Louise Chase



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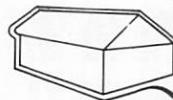
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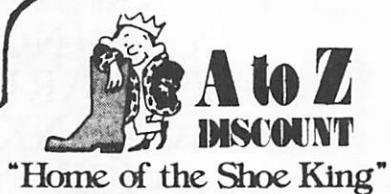


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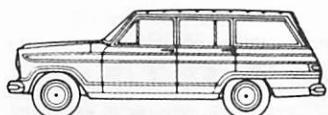
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## SPECIALS

FRYEBURG FAIR: "A Real Olde Time Country Fair," Oct. 1-Oct. 8.

BETHEL'S HISTORY: a seven-week course sponsored by the Bethel Historical Society, Tues., 7:30-9:30 p.m., Oct. 3-Nov. 14 in the meeting room of the Dr. Moses Mason House. Topics to be covered include mills and industry, education, religion, agriculture, politics and government. For information contact the Historical Society at 824-2908, or write Box 12, Bethel, ME 04217.

SPECTRA I: A major inter-art exhibition of painting/graphics, literature, music, sculpture, photography, and dance/theatre; to be held at Westbrook College, May-June, 1979. Sponsored by the Maine Association for Women in the Fine and Performing Arts and Westbrook College; to promote & give exposure to year-round Maine resident artists. Contributions of art, writing, theatre, music and photography by women sought. Contact Sue Ostroff, Box 168, Hallowell, ME 04347.

THE FARE SHARE CO-OP STORE: a non-profit, consumer-run natural foods store is now open at 123 Main Street, South Paris (opposite McDonald's), on Thurs. 2-6; Fri. 2-8; and Sat. 10-5. Co-op members pay lower costs and work a few hours/month in the store. Everyone is welcome. Featuring whole-grain breads, cheese, nuts, dried fruits, flour, juices, herbs. Lending library and books for sale also available.

## V. V. for V.I.P.'s

We have received the following communication from Connie Hindman and C. Stephen Wheeler, volunteers with the VOICES Newspaper in Bethel:

Reminiscing about traditions of yesteryear and bygone lifestyles is enlightening and entertaining for those of us still privileged to read the printed word, such as in *BitterSweet*. But for an estimated 37,000 Maine residents, this pleasurable leisure-time activity is an impossible task—they happen to be Very Important People who are also Visually Impaired Persons. (Between 65-75% of them are over 55 years of age.)

It has been said that the media of the 20th

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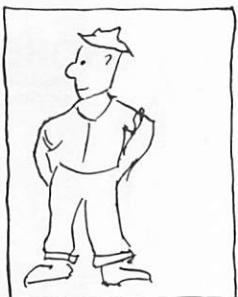
Century is the product of our senses. VOICES, Inc. in Bethel has adapted an innovative 20th Century product to provide VOICE VISION for those no longer able to read prose and poetry, by producing weekly VOICES newspapers on cassette tape. The papers are highly specialized compilations of Tri-County area news, social notes and other materials, designed to help the visually-impaired develop and maintain independent living skills.

VOICES, INC. is a non-profit communication facility concerned with helping the rural isolated handicapped in Western Maine, and is supported by private (tax deductible) donations. The prime objective of VOICES newspapers is to help integrate the handicapped into the community via the communications media. Weekly VOICES newspapers provide V.I.P. readers with reliable contemporary information on a regular and continuing basis. VOICES Papers also offer many V.I.P. readers a way to remain in their homes rather than having to relocate to boarding and/or nursing homes.

VOICES newspapers encourage and solicit the creative efforts of the V.I.P.'s themselves. Original short stories, poems, songs, etc. are recorded and shared with other handicapped people throughout the region. People in remote areas of Maine come to hear the voices of other handicapped people across the State. VOICES is thereby affording opportunities for social

## DEFINITIONS

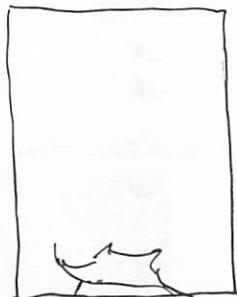
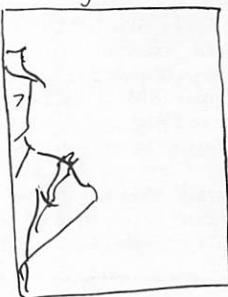
The Total Picture



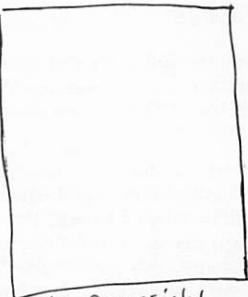
A Hard Look



A Passing Glance



An Overview



An Oversight

JMW

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VOICES, Inc. is anxious to make publications like *BitterSweet* available to all interested print-handicapped persons. If 50 or more requests are made to VOICES for cassette tapes of *BitterSweet*, VOICES will negotiate with *BitterSweet* publishers for recording privileges. VOICES, Inc. also offers cassette duplicating services for the general public.

For further information and/or referral services, write: VOICES, Inc., P. O. Box 603, Bethel, ME 04217.

## YOU TELL US

In response to your "Can You Place It," page 13 of September's *BitterSweet*, my guess would be the Ferry Crossing on the Androscoggin River in East Bethel, on what is known now as the Middle Intervale Road.

Am I right?

Barbara Prest  
Bethel

*The "Can You Place It" photo, taken more than 40 years ago by Stanley Foss Bartlett, came to us labeled "The Rumford Ferry." Could that be the same as the East Bethel Ferry Crossing?*

Ed.

## BURIED

I am enjoying my late friend Lowell Henley's story of the railroad. Albert Bassett was my husband's uncle. It was before our day and I never saw him, but there were things that Lowell did not know. I am the only living person now who knows why the men did not get paid, and there was a man killed. I never wrote the story for there are young relatives who it would hurt. If I can't write without someone getting hurt, I won't write. It is buried in the roots of the family and will always stay there.

Inez Farrington  
West Paris

## ONE OF THE BEST

May I comment on Dr. Lacombe. It is one of the best things in your magazine.

James McLaughlin  
Concord, N.H.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

### Setting The Record Straight

Vern Maxfield is not president of the World's Fair Association in North Waterford, as may have mistakenly been implied by the wording in last month's article on country fairs. Fair Association president is Richard Jones.

Lowell D. Henley, author of the three-part series on The Oxford Central Railway which concluded in the September issue, represented the towns of Waterford and Oxford, as well as Norway, in the State Legislature for seven years. As State Senator, Henley represented 26 towns.

We consider your comments and suggestions an important means of discovering our readers' interests. Representative and appropriate letters will be published as space allows. Most likely answers won't be necessary, and probably the only response you'll receive will be a most appropriate "Ayah!"

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FOR SALE: *Whispering Winds* by Georgia Shaw Prescott, a collection of free-form verse, recalling the author's rural childhood in, Hollis, Maine and celebrating the country's natural grandeur. Write Georgia S. Robertson, Buckfield, ME 04220.

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A smoke circle,  
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On a bare highway  
Through notch and stubbled slopes  
A driver banks a curve  
Into chalk on blue,  
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At the earth's edge  
Two jets zig upwards swimming,  
Minnows with twin wakes,  
Missiles shimmering to infinity.  
  
Spitting calligraphy  
The writer rides the air,  
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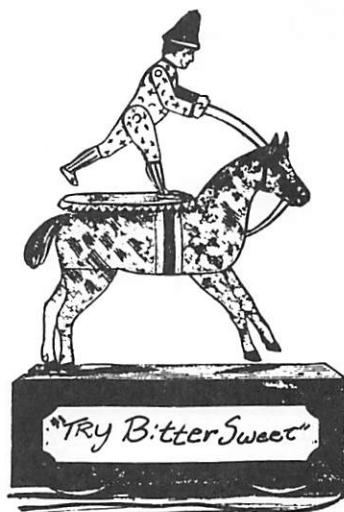
WANTED: Large (new or used) braided rug in brown tones. Write Lovejoy, Box 301, Oxford, ME 04270.

WANTED: Old pictures of local landmarks for **BitterSweet's** *Can You Place It?* page. Small payment upon printing. Picture returned to sender.

## BRAINTEASER VII The Road To Amsterdam\*

As one travels the road to Amsterdam, he comes to a fork in the road. One fork leads to Amsterdam; the other does not; and there is no directional signboard.

In a cottage by the road live twin brothers, one of whom always tells the truth, the other of whom always lies. Only one brother is visible and there is no way of telling which one he is. The traveler must come up with a single question which will indicate the correct road to Amsterdam. What is the question?



*The person with the earliest postmarked correct answer will win a year's subscription to BitterSweet.*

\*A Dutch brainteaser submitted by John E. Hankins, Otisfield.

### Brainteaser VI Answer

Of the nearly two dozen people who responded to last month's Brainteaser VI, Sidney Gordon of Norway and Mrs. Gordon Emery of West Paris were the first to post their correct answers.

Both reasoned that in order for each of the three boys to eat what he believed was his equal share of the prunes, leaving eight prunes at the end, there would have to be 27 prunes in the bowl to begin with.

Number of prunes to start .....	27
Tom eats 1/3 of 27 .....	9
Dick eats 1/3 of 18 .....	6
Harry eats 1/3 of 12 .....	4
Number of prunes left .....	8

People submitting correct answers to Brainteaser VI prior to presstime included

James McLaughlin, Concord, N.H.; Ken Morse, Bill Haynes, Waterford; Joyce Rich, Tina Letourneau, Scot Hanley, South Paris; Sandra Roderick, Mechanic Falls; Phyllis Jennings, Oxford; David England, Sharon Daye, Cynthia Mason, Bethel; Sandra Poland, West Paris; E. Cormier, Auburn; Kathryn King, Buckfield; Sandra Chaloult, Phyllis Farrington, Kenneth Whitman, Bonnie Millett, Norway; Kate Gregg, Otisfield; John Newell, Mencersburg, Pa.; Jennifer Albury, No. Plainfield, N.J.

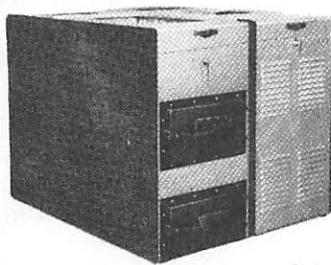
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...page 24

pass. Slowly, the redness left his face and his eyes and mouth turned back to normal. "Jesus!" he said sharply as he lowered my hatchet. With anger still possessing the better part of him, he grabbed me by the arm and dragged me through the bushes toward his car. I tried to walk but his pace was too fast for me and I kept falling. No matter how loud I screamed in agony, he just pulled. By the time we got to his car, my body was a wreck. My pants were muddy and torn and my ankles were scraped and swollen. He cursed as he shoved me inside and slammed the door. It was a long, silent ride home. I couldn't wait to get there to clear my name.

When we pulled into the driveway, Elwood, my mother and all six of my dirty-faced sisters were standing on the porch. My mother's hair was up in a bun and her facial features were sharp and stern. She continuously, though needlessly, wiped her hands on her apron. I slowly got out of the car and sheepishly headed toward her.

"Where on earth have you been?" she scolded, snapping her fire-like eyes. Before I had a chance to answer, she grabbed my by the collar of my shirt and dragged me into the house. "Elwood's been looking all over creation for you!" My six sisters just covered their mouths and giggled and followed us into the house.

I was pushed into the corner and everyone gathered around me.

"Where'd you find him?" Elwood asked. Dwight responded. And everyone listened to him as he rambled on about all the damage I had caused.

"That brat!" my mother exclaimed, still snapping her eyes and retaining her iron-like frown.

Elwood didn't even flinch as he stared at me along with everyone else. "Kid's been up to no good again," he spoke, regretfully shaking his head. "Yep, I guess he's a bad kid," he concluded and then he talked with Dwight before he left.

"What on earth are we going to do with you?" my mother desperately asked. "What drove you to do such a thing?" Sixteen eyes peered at me, waiting for an explanation. I tried to speak, but a dull, pulling sensation in my throat kept the words from coming out. I looked at Elwood—his eyes were cold and his face grew stern and threatening. I looked



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back at my mother—her foot rapped the floor. The tension mounted. My sisters giggled and murmured among themselves and made mocking gestures at me.

"Elwood made me!" I finally blurted, breaking the barrier in my throat. My mother's eyes rolled back and she shook her head in disbelief.

"Elwood made me," I repeated. "He forced me to chop the trees down." Elwood just looked at my mother and shrugged his shoulders. She was speechless for a moment. Her face now looked more concerned than angry.

"Oh, Lord," she said into the air, letting her arms go limp at her sides, "what am I going to do with you?"

"But I didn't want to... he made me," I bitterly insisted. "He's lying!" Neither of them spoke. A placid grin came to Elwood's face. My mother looked drained.

"You wait in that corner until your father gets here," she said tiredly. "I'll let him decide what to do with you." Elwood quietly left and my sisters broke out in a series of laughs and giggles that lasted as long as it took them to move into the living room and turn the T.V. set on.

That night in bed, with a blistering bottom and an extremely empty stomach, I vowed never to forget what Elwood had done. From then on, no matter how he threatened me, I wouldn't go along with him in anything.

Promises I made to myself were not what one could call binding. Two weeks later I was carrying my hatchet, a fish pole and a spade, and I was pushing Elwood up the hill. He had bribed me. He said that I could have the jackknife that he'd lost two years ago if I could find it. I felt well paid for my troubles. After all, he was offering me his favorite jackknife. He'd never even let me touch it. On many occasions he had punched me for secretly borrowing it to cut up dried cow flaps and to perform surgery on frogs. And now it was mine. Wherever it was, Elwood's favorite jackknife belonged to me.

With the spade laid across my lap and with his fish pole in one hand and holding to life with the other hand, we started our descent. The road felt rougher than before. Dust rose up and every time I'd gasp for breath, I'd choke and gag. Tears came streaming into my eyes and the saddlebags shook and rattled and the fish pole whipped around in the wind, almost leaping from my hand as we

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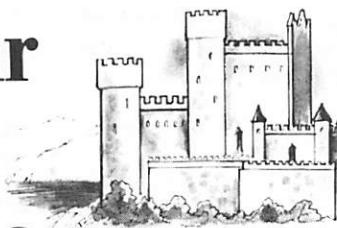
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gained speed. Every bone in my body was jarred at least once. As we hit bumps the spade bounced from side to side and when I'd try to steady it, I'd almost lose the fish pole. I realized life was an extremely difficult thing to hold and I prayed to keep it.

In but a matter of seconds, we were at the pond and I was reluctantly chopping the fallen birches in half. I wasn't what one could consider an ardent worker. "What are you making me do all this for?" I asked as Elwood fished the pond. "And I thought the pond didn't have any fish in it."

"It don't."

"Then why are you fishing in it."

"Practicing. Just practicing."

"Why are you making me do all this?" I asked quickly, hoping to catch him off guard.

"You'll see," he replied, still not revealing any secrets.

"I've had enough. My hands hurt and I'm tired and these trees are too big." I sat down.

"Too big! But you chopped them down." He paused from his practice-fishing.

"Yeah, but that was fun. This is work."

"You get chopping or else I'll take back my jackknife," he threatened as he threw his hook, with a graceful sweep of his pole, out

over the cattails and into the lily pads.

"But what if Dwight catches us down here?" I spoke, realizing again that my life could be in danger.

"Dwight knows that we are down here."

"What! He does?"

"Dwight don't care what happens down here now. I spoke with him the night he brought you home. All's he cared about was those five birches that you chopped down. He says that we can do anything we want down here now." He paused, yanking his hook through the cattails. "So, c'mon kid. Get chopping."

"But why? Why are you making me do all this?"

"You'll see. You'll see in just a little while."

"Oh, alright," I reluctantly conceded and I picked up my hatchet and started whacking away at a fairly steady rate. I had come to realize that life was one long series of concessions.

Finally, I had all the trees cut up into reasonably long lengths. Elwood stopped his practice-fishing and came over to look at the birch poles. "O.K.," he said, placing his hand on his cheek, "Now, I want you to gather up a bunch of rocks and sticks."

"You can do that yourself," I stated and sat down on a trees stump.

"Kid," he said real slow, "am I going to have to tie you to that stump and leave you there?"

I blew out a hard breath and shook my head in contempt and started to gather rocks and sticks into a pile beside the outlet. The brook was quite narrow and it had a slow current. On each side there were extremely high banks and alders and small trees kept the sun from shining on the brook's rocky bed. I watched Elwood as I gathered rocks and sticks. He worked with the poles for a long time. Crisscrossing them over one another, he formed a crude web that stretched to the top of each bank. By the time he'd finished with the poles, I'd collected quite a large pile of sticks and rocks. "Now," he instructed, taking the spade in his hand, "while I shovel dirt, you throw in those rocks and sticks."



"A dam!" I exclaimed, finally figuring out what he was up to. "We're building a dam!"

"Get to heaving those rocks and sticks in," he said, and he started shoveling dirt. It seemed like we worked for hours. "Faster, kid, faster," he'd continuously demand as he shoveled spade-full after spade-full of muddy dirt into the brook. It wasn't exactly an example of modern technology, but it did appear to hold water. After we'd filled the brook from bank to bank with our mixture of things, Elwood put down a spade and settled back against a large alder and gazed at his creation. He looked quite tranquil, but I was ready to leave. I was exhausted and a swarm of mosquitoes kept trying to carry me away.

"C'mon, Elwood," I pleaded. "Let's go. Those mosquitoes are driving me buggy." He didn't move. He watched the water come up against the wall of dirt, sticks and rocks in soft swirls and then slowly rise.

"C'mon, Elwood," I insisted. "It's getting dark and ma will be mad if we don't get home." Finally, as the last light was fading away, he got up and we left for home.

For two days the water rose, slowly creeping up the muddy banks. On the third day we rushed down to the pond with hatchet and fish pole in hand only to be met with bitter disappointment. The dam had broken. "Oh, no," Elwood called out in total despair, his face becoming pale and sorrowful. He stood there shaking his head and gazing at the wreckage.

"Oh, what'd you want a dumb dam for in the first place?" I said, trying to console him.

"Trout."

"Trout?"

"Yeah, trout."

"But what does a dam have to do with trout?"

"Trout like deep water!" he snapped, rubbing his face with his hands. "You've heard gramp talk about all the trout they caught out of here when the beavers had it all dammed up."

"Oh, I guess so."

As he stared at what was left of the dam, a new look of determination came across his face. "Kid," he said in a light, excited voice, "did you bring your hatchet?"

"Yeah," I said in a disgusted tone.

"Good!" he said, his excitement obviously growing. "See over there on the other side of the brook, that tall skinny oak tree?"

"Yeah."

"Go over there and chop it down. And fall it toward the brook."

"Can't we just go home?" I asked. His cold eye fell on me with an incredible weight. "O.K., O.K.," I said, and waded across the brook and started chopping. While I chopped, Elwood regathered the birch poles, the rocks and the sticks that were scattered along the bank. He worked hard and fast and by the time I sent the tree crashing to the ground, he had salvaged all that he could of the old dam.

"Limb it up," he commanded. "Get a move on." He obviously had a plan. While I cut the limbs off, he lifted several huge rocks from the bed of the brook where the dam had been. Just as I cut the top branches from the tree, he grabbed it and placed it across the brook. It reached from bank to bank and then some. On one bank, he secured the end of the pole to a short, but thick tree; on the

other bank he secured the pole to a rock too big to move. One might have thought it was the beginning of a bridge.

"Alright," Elwood paused from his work, "while I put these other poles in their places, I want you to gather up some more rocks and sticks." Becoming quite excited myself about the idea of a dam, I didn't argue with him. Like before, as I hunted around for rocks and sticks, he constructed a crude web that stretched the entire span of the brook. This time, though, it had more strength. With the bottoms of the poles lodged in the holes left by the rocks that he'd removed and with the tops of the poles resting against the long piece of oak he'd placed across the full length of the brook, there was no way that the structure would ever move. Once again he shoveled muddy dirt with a spade we'd left lying in the bushes and I heaved in rocks and sticks.

After we'd finished the reconstruction of the dam, we both sat down and gazed at it. The slow current of the brook softly came up against it and stopped. We both were

pleased. Wild birds called out from the cattails. Elwood just grinned. Dusk slowly settled in and, after some time, we got up and left.

"Ya know kid," Elwood talked as I pushed him up the hill, "I think the dam is really going to hold."

"Yep," I gasped between breaths.

"Yeah, in a month or so that pond should be full of trout coming from upstream," he concluded as we rounded the hill and coasted toward home.

For the next several weeks we'd make a daily trip to the pond. We'd go up the hill and fly down the other side in our usual manner, with me holding Elwood's fish pole. The pond had risen several feet; the tops of the cattails were barely visible. But there weren't any trout. He'd fish the pond from all angles and still no trout.

"Where's all the trout? I thought you said it'd be full of trout," I asked.

"It will. It will fill up with trout," he explained, more to himself than to me. "As a matter of fact, I bet you that there's already



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all kinds of trout out there but they just aren't bitin'. Rain's what we need. Rain makes 'em bite." He paused. "The next rainy day we'll come down and I'll bet you that I'll catch more than a dozen great big trout."

And so we waited until the next rainy day. I dug worms while Elwood did chores and got his fish pole ready. It was a soft rain; just perfect for fishing.

"You ready, kid?" he asked before we headed up the hill. "Are you ready to see more trout than you've ever seen?"

"Yep."

"Then get pushin'!" he said and then he laughed. He had a madman's laugh. "Hurry kid, faster," he demanded. "C'mon! Push me!" And as my own excitement grew, thinking of all the trout that were waiting to take Elwood's hook, I pushed with all my strength.

We were just reaching the top of the hill when Elwood jammed on his brakes. Not expecting having to stop in such short notice, my momentum tumbled me onto the road.

"What'd you do that for?" I asked in shock. He didn't reply. His face looked sick. He just gazed down at the pond. "What's wrong?" I numbly said as I struggled to my feet. I couldn't believe my eyes. There, down in our pond, were three canoes and a boat, each full of fishermen. The rain started to fall harder. Elwood stood there for a long time. The rain streaked down across his face. He was motionless, except for when he'd swallow and his Adam's apple would move way up and back down. The rain kept coming harder and harder, and finally Elwood spun his bike around and motioned for me to take my usual place.

We coasted real slowly toward home. The wheels hummed on the wet pavement and I hung on tightly to his fish pole. There wasn't any winning. I felt as though the whole world was filled with thievery. I told myself right then and there that if I ever found his jackknife, I'd give it back to him.

*Lowell, a Buckfield native, is a wood mill worker and college student.*

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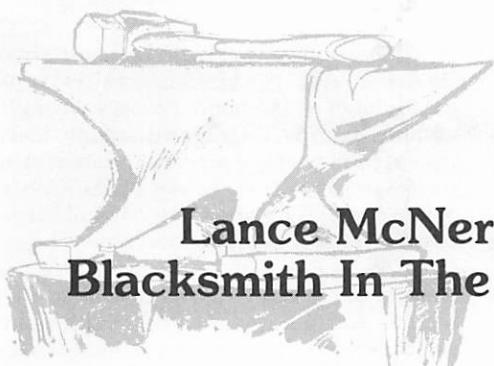


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## Lance Mc Nerney: Lovell's Blacksmith In The Traditional Mold

by Nicky Kiger

Anyone can be a blacksmith. All it takes is a set of basic tools and some source of heat.

But in order to fashion himself in the traditional mold of the blacksmith-of-old, Lance Mc Nerney opted for a formal smithing education. After completing a course in general blacksmithing, the gaunt, dark haired craftsman signed on as an apprentice with a practicing smithy for more than a year. Throughout his rigorous training, however, Mc Nerney maintained a steadfast determination to follow in the footsteps of his smithing forefathers. No prefabricated molds and dies for him. No modern-day welding torches.

"I just prefer to do things the old way," he explains, seated in the compact Lovell Cape Cod home to which he and his wife, Diane and young children Ethan and Raina, moved a year ago. "I see things those guys did in the old days and, realizing what they had to work with, I'm amazed. The challenge for me is trying to duplicate that work."

Mc Nerney plans for his small shop to someday replicate the smith shop of old. Although the outside of the building is still under construction, the shell of the structure is completed. A handmade forge, source of the coal heat used to join molten materials, stretches the entire length of one outside wall, employing a hand cranking system to supply air to the fire in bellow fashion. An anvil, hammer and assorted files are stacked on the floor to the side of the forge, along with two lone books on the art of blacksmithing, one of which dates back many years.

Mc Nerney explains that although he prefers working in iron, the material is so hard to obtain that he has settled, instead, on rolled steel. Because he has rejected prefabricated kits and molds, he must fire the metal until it reaches the right shade of

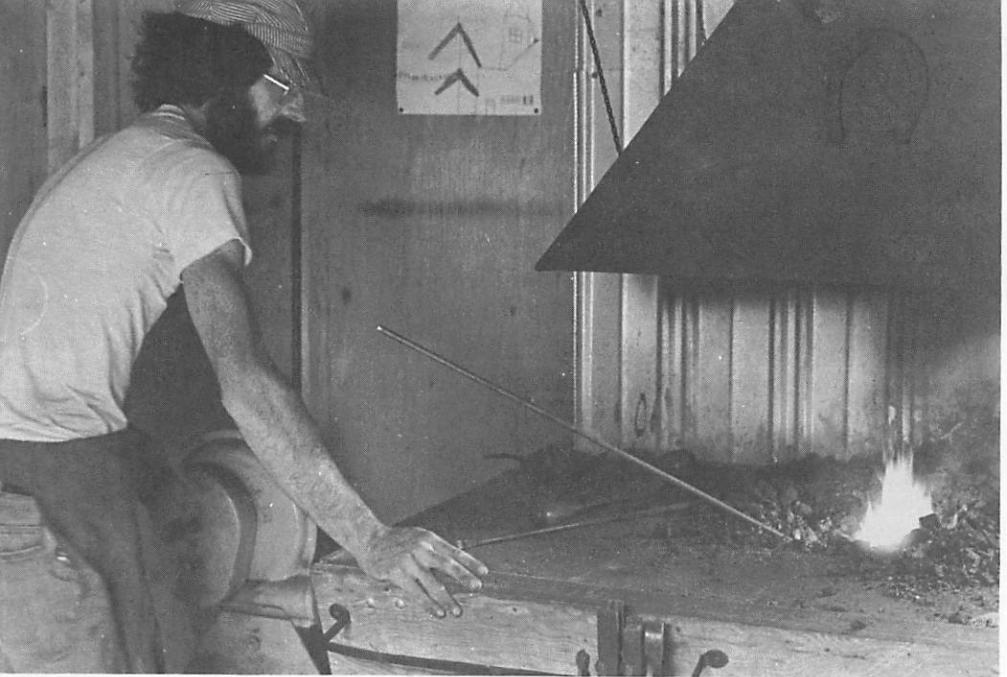
red, then bang it into an appropriate shape, rather than heating it to its liquid state and pouring it into a mold. It's a slow, painstaking process.

Smithing as a profession met its demise in our father's age precisely because it was so slow, according to Mc Nerney, who credits the move toward mass produced tools and utensils for delivering blacksmithing's knock-out punch. People became more concerned about the immediate availability and affordability of products than with workmanship, he says. Thus, the hardware store replaced the smithy's shop.

But Mc Nerney and others like him are trying to change that scene, slowly reverting back to the type of working arrangement which thrived during our grandfather's day. He is plainly proud of the job he does supplying local folks with sturdy tools for use on the farm or in the woods. Although the things he makes run the gamut from the plainly functional to the ornamental, it is clearly the tools, hinges and other working items that hold Mc Nerney's greatest esteem.

"I like the idea that someone will be picking up pieces of my fireplace sets, for instance, using them and thinking 'This feels good in my hand,'" he says, admittedly somewhat uncomfortable in the role of interviewee, something he's reluctantly agreed to in order to promote the smithing trend, he says.

One of Mc Nerney's most popular, but more frivolous, items is a dinner gong, once used to call family members and farm hands to meals. Although the gong is an authentic replica of those employed in earlier times, the fact that it is apt to serve strictly as decoration makes it less popular with its creator than a good solid door hinge or a heavy hook. Nevertheless, there are several stunning ornate items on display at the shop, including an original tulip sconce which has



Lance Mc너ney at his blacksmith's forge...



... and inspecting a display of his handmade specialty items

the romantic touch of yesteryear, and several types of fireplace sets.

Originally, however, there was nothing frivolous about blacksmithing, says Mc너ney.

"The blacksmith was the first true recycler. He would make use of every scrap of iron he had on hand and when the pieces got too small for anything else, they would wind up in a pile in the corner of the shop to be used as nails."

It's a posture with which the folksy craftsman easily identifies. Turning slowly to a chest full of treasures, he carefully pulls a handsome knife from its midst, something he has fashioned from a worn file. The utensil is now used to butcher chickens from the flock of birds which wanders at will throughout the barnyard. Like the simple array of tools that adorns his shop, the Mc너ney animals all serve a vital function. There is a cow for milk and butter, chickens for meat, laying hens, a mouser cat, and—lest there be any mistake about it—a lamb aptly named "Christmas Dinner."

The essential ingredients of both smithing and farming form the rustic niche into which the Mc너ney family has fit so well.

"It's never boring. I enjoy it. And it all makes sense to me," says Mc너ney, as he rises, impatient to return to work.

# Readers' Room

## My Life On And Near Paris Hill

by Seward Stearns

Nickel-chaser, caretaker, orchardist, factory superintendent and civic leader, Seward Stearns at 91 is sitting on top of the world...

My boyhood days were spent on the farm where I was born August 2, 1887, originally known as the Levi Hubbard property, now known as the Austin P. Stearns, Sr. farm.

Austin and his wife Mary Thayer Stearns had five children born to them, two girls and three boys: Ruth, Margaret, Austin, Jr., Alexander, and I. My two sisters and brother Alexander passed away some years ago. Austin, Jr. is still remaining on the farm.

When a small boy, I had a doll dressed as a boy which I spent many hours playing with. One day after playing with the doll, I put it to bed under a rug at the front door and someone came in and stepped on it, which was the end of the doll. I felt so bad Dad got me a Shepherd dog and I called him Captain. Captain and I roamed the farm until it came time for me to start school.

There were three families that walked to school about a mile to Paris Hill Village—the families were Bennett, Brown and Stearns. We all carried our lunch in lard pails.

One night on returning from school, I discovered Captain was not there as usual. He had been chasing a rabbit and had run in front of the mowing machine. Two legs were cut off, and they had to lay him away. This took me a long time to get over. We had other dogs but never again a Captain.

In these years teachers boarded around with the families who had children in school. Miss Lucy Andrews was my teacher. She used to walk home with us when it was her time at our house.

I started school in the old two-story building made of brick, here on the Hill. It had deep cracks in the walls and I can remember putting my hands into these cracks. There were several of these, from top to bottom. The building was quite near where Mrs. Alice Cornwall's house now stands. It was eventually condemned on

account of the condition of the walls and was taken down. The Lincoln school was built on the same lot in the late 1890's.

I finished school at the Lincoln and the old Academy, and then continued at the South Paris High School until our farm was hit by lightning and burned down, with everything being consumed. From then on, I had to stay home and help build a new set of buildings, which took two years. That was the end of my formal education.

Paris Hill was an old-fashioned village at the time. Some of the neighbors kept a cow or two and sold milk to the others. As for water, each family had its own well. Some had a pump at the sink, while others drew their water directly from the well with a rope and pail.

On the Main Street there were two town wells with log pumps. People led their cows and horses there for water. There were many horses as this was the only means of transportation.

Plank walks appeared all over the Village and from Main Street across the Common to the front of the Hannibal Hamlin home. South of the Church on the Common stood a bandstand where the Paris Hill Band played.

The old Hubbard House stood opposite the Common on Main Street. I remember a parrot they used to keep out by the South door and every morning when the children went by to school, the bird would say, "Good Morning," "Who Are You?," "Where Are You Going?," and "Polly Wants A Cracker."

There was an old store owned by Hutchinson and Newell where you could buy anything a family would need to live. The store kept open until nine o'clock nights, making it a gathering place for the people of the Village to settle town business and swap a few stories.

The old Union House was carried on by



*The Stearns outside their tiny Cape Cod home on Paris Hill where, writes Stearns, "by looking out our back window at the view to the west, we feel we are sitting on top of the world."*

Horace Cummings and wife Emma. Horace was quite a character. They used to call him old Hod. He always had a T.D. clay pipe in his mouth and the pipe was always bottom-side-up.

I remember the kerosene street lights. They hung on poles at the hotels and street corners around the little square, now called Court Square. Homeowners also required them. These lights were like the one now at the library.

I cannot forget the elderly ladies who used to live on the North end of Main Street: Mrs. Cushman, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Butterfield, the Parrises and the Carters. These ladies used to call us children during the winter-time and give us milk or a cookie and warm us up for the cold walk home. This same kind of hospitality remains on Paris Hill.

Father had a cousin in Boston who was a tile mason by trade and, when I was a teenager, he wanted me to go with his cousin to learn this trade, which I did. I went to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania and worked all winter in the State House there, coming back to Boston in the spring and working there for a while. As I did not like this work well enough to take it over for a life-time job, I left and came home, this being a disappointment to Father.

Going out for myself, I got a job in a grocery store at South Paris. After a year or so of store work, a couple of friends and I decided to go to Boston and see what we could find for work. One learned to take care

of an automobile and got a job as a driver. The other two of us got jobs with the Boston Elevated as nickel chasers on the cars. We all roomed together, taking a trip to Maine once in a while, since it was possible to come down to Portland on the boat for one dollar and travel from Portland to South Paris for a dollar and eight cents.

About this time I had turned twenty-one, so I dropped down to Maine and took my school-day sweetheart, Wilma Robinson, for better or worse; and took her back to Boston with me December 25, 1909, almost seventy years ago.

Everything went fine for us in Boston until the next December when I developed pneumonia, necessitating an operation. I developed trouble in my lung cavity and the doctor advised us to go back to Maine to get well. With the good care my wife gave me, I came out fine after two years.

In the spring, after getting up from this sickness, I jobbed around for a while through the summer. In the fall I went into the woods to help a friend. By so doing, I broke my ankle. After a while they put a walking cast on it and I drove the mail from Paris Hill to South Paris all winter, on crutches.

The next spring, Wilma and I bought the James Cole farm, rebuilt the house, built a new barn and set the fields out to apple trees. After living there for a few years, we sold and bought the next farm to the Cole property, which was the farm where Wilma had once lived. We rebuilt the house and ell,



*The old two-story brick building on Paris Hill where Stearns first began his schooling (above), and the Atwood place (originally the home of Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President under Lincoln) where the Stearns served as caretakers for twenty years.*

and set out many maple trees on the farm. We also bought another apple orchard and settled down to raising apples, keeping a few cows and some hens for a few years.

During these years I took care of Mr. Charles L. Case's summer home on Paris Hill, while still carrying on the farm until Mr. Case's death.

After this, I was offered a job to take care of Mr. Kimbal C. Atwood's summer home on Paris Hill (the Hannibal Hamlin homestead), which I took. That fall we moved into a rent over the garage at the Atwood place.

After carrying on the farm a few years with the Atwood place, we sold the farm and stayed with Mr. Atwood until his death. We stayed on with Mrs. Atwood until after her

death, making a total time of about twenty years.

Wilma and I have always been interested in community proceedings. As the Community Club had been inactive for many years, we, with the people of the Village, reorganized it for the purpose of raising money to do things for the Village.

First we put in street lights. Then, with the cooperation of the Church, we fixed the Church Common so it could be mowed for a lawn.

The old Academy was a corporation without money and the building needed some attention. Through the process of law we got this into the hands of the community and have done much to restore the building

Many plaques have been set to mark the older places of the Village which we were very interested in.

In the 1950's, Mrs. Lewis M. Brown asked me to take the office of the President of the Paris Hill Water Company, since she held the majority of the Company stock and wanted to get some younger persons into the Company. This I took and carried on for a number of years.

Again in 1950, the Universalist Church was being reopened at South Paris. This Church had been closed for twenty-five years. Wilma and I and other Universalists of Paris Hill gave much to this project with much success. This Church now is a strong organization.

In 1976 the Historical Society gave me a life-time membership for which I was very grateful.

While staying with Mrs. Atwood, we bought a piece of land off the Bert Hammond farm just south of the center of the Village and built us a Cape Cod house and moved into it.

During the time we were with Mrs. Atwood, the Burnham and Morrill Company offered me a job as the Superintendent of

their canning factory at South Paris, which I took and stayed there for about twenty years. At the age of seventy-seven years, I retired and settled down in our Cape Cod house at the Hill.

Wilma and I have had a wonderful life together, with wonderful cooperation about things. We have driven to the Pacific Coast three times, going a different route each time. Also we have driven to Florida several times and spent two winters down there, and have seen much of the New England states. It has been Wilma's and my pleasure to take friends along with us on these trips. We have been very grateful to have seen so much of our beautiful country and are now very comfortable in our Cape Cod house on the Hill.

Wilma is now eighty-nine and I am ninety-one.

By looking out our back window at the view to the west, we feel we are sitting on top of the world.

*Stearns is a revered Paris Hill resident who has devoted much of his retirement life to the compilation and recording of local history.*



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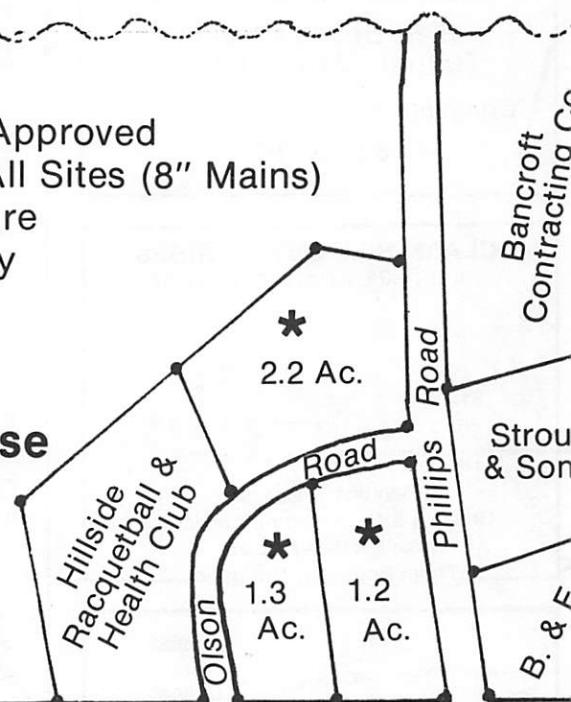
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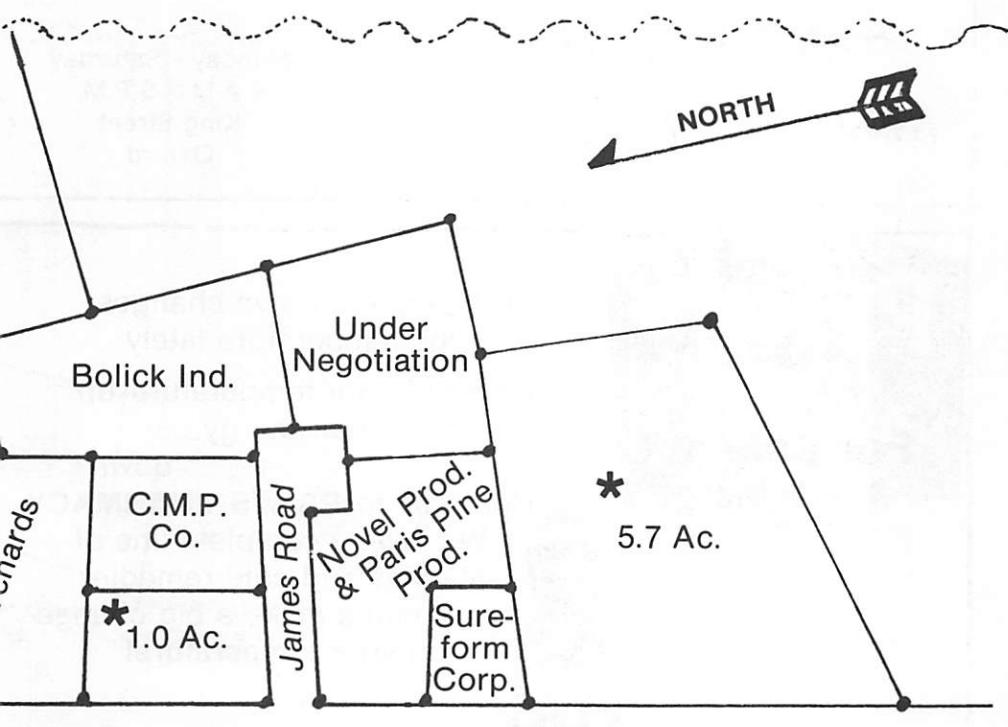
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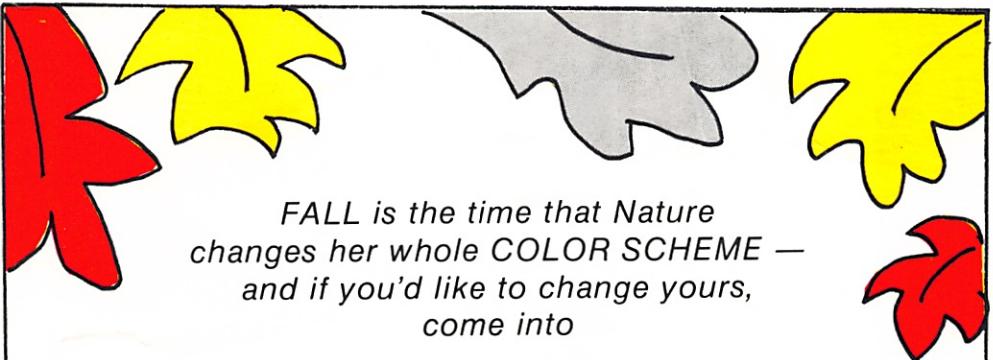
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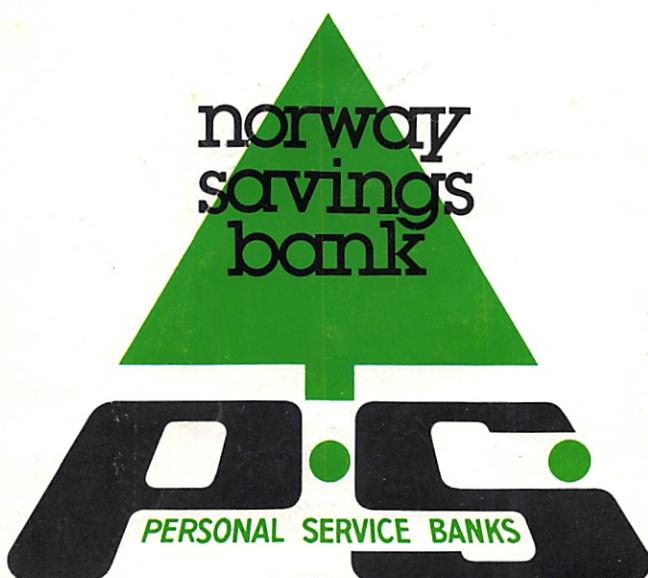
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